

THE MONTH

OCTOBER, 1939

Vol. CLXXIV SEVENTY-SIXTH YEAR

No. 904

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THE MONTH

VOL. CLXXIV

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

European Black-out

THE march of events during the first few weeks of war has brought over Eastern Europe the blackest and most ominous clouds those lands have witnessed since the invasion of the Turk. They are more than war-clouds, they are the very clouds of evil : they threaten, in fact, to "black-out" all security and freedom, and whatever Christian values still survive. For those countries—to speak humanly and even theologically—this is the hour of darkness. Across shell-riven fields, past shattered and burning homesteads, two armies have advanced towards each other, armies of the Red Evil and the Brown. The former has long been known for the abominable thing that it is, cruel, relentless, unspeakably inhuman, godless through and through—and this not negatively as if from sheer indifference, but positively, violently, satanically anti-God. The latter hid itself at the beginning inside the armour of a champion against the Red. True, it borrowed from the start much of its pretended adversary's technique which it proceeded to employ against the Red's advocates and against worthier enemies too, whom, with the admirable simplicity of modern propaganda, it found convenient to associate with them. The Brown's unmasking has been a lengthier process : indeed, the many masks were not so much torn away as gradually discarded by their wearer, at first slowly and to the tune of apologies and fair promises ; the mask most recently removed was invariably, we were informed, the last there was. The more it rearmed, however, the more successful, outwardly at least, its sudden *coups*, the more rapid became this process of discarding. "Willingness to disarm," "Desire to incorporate none but Germans in the Reich," "Love of peace," "Humane behaviour in war"—with bewildering swiftness have these now been cast aside till underneath there is revealed the bestial, cruelly-cunning face of Force. The policy of the Red Evil has been to undermine, as was evident in Spain : and not a few countries with Christian traditions have been far too slow to recognize and

react against this underground attack. The Brown Evil's programme is what is termed in minor criminal circles that of "smash and grab." Through subversive propaganda and the sowing of hate, the former has made orderly and decent administration impossible in such countries as have had serious experience of its activity. The latter has rendered it equally impossible for the European peoples to co-exist in mutual confidence, respect and peace. From the beginning, the technique was alarmingly similar: now the spirit is seen to be the same. Bolsheviks and Nazis are revealed as blood brothers; and the blood is that of the murdered Poles.

Diligentibus Deum . . .

TO those who love God," runs the familiar passage, "all things work together (or, possibly, God maketh all things to work together) unto good." With less explicit scriptural warrant the converse is, nevertheless, just as true. Those who associate in evil will find that, in the long run, everything conspires to their defeat and ruin. How much more true must this not be where the partners in iniquity reject the very notions of morality and truth, and are ready to deny, even to hate, God Himself? The union of Nazi and Bolshevik can scarcely be a marriage of true minds, and their very similarity of method and outlook which deems only that to be true and right which subserves their political purposes, is a guarantee that they will not, and indeed could not, work for long in harmony. Recently it has been pleaded in the English Press and Parliament—granted, by an isolated voice and a single pen—ingeniously, or rather ingenuously, that Soviet Russia's entry into the Polish arena is in reality a grave defeat for Germany. The Soviet, it is suggested, has occupied territory which Germany might, or eventually would, have occupied, and has effectively barred the German passage to Rumania. Such gentlemen forget a number of essential points. Neutral States like Hungary and Rumania are desperately alarmed at the sudden appearance of Soviet troops along their frontiers: and—always most important of all—Polish resistance to the German attack has been betrayed by the Russian action in its rear. The ultimate aims of the Soviet are as clear as a Mediterranean day: they are to promote revolution wherever and whenever it has the opportunity: its plans and purposes for the immediate future are

veiled in the obscure. We know full well that they involve no special friendliness towards the Western Powers : we have also the shrewd suspicion that they bode little but evil for Nazi Germany. Meanwhile, we have the fact that Germany, which organized the Anti-Comintern Pact and professed to realize the horrors of Bolshevism, has handed over the larger half of a Catholic country to the Soviet terror. It is one of the blackest crimes ever committed against religion and civilization.

God Save Poland !

THIS is our very earnest prayer. For at the moment human assistance is unavailing. The suffering wantonly and wilfully inflicted upon the Polish people must assuredly cry aloud for redress to heaven. This ancient Catholic kingdom, which never lost its hold either upon national sentiment or Christian Faith and practice, deserves our fullest sympathy and the readiest will to help that we can muster. In the Polish literature of the *Risorgimento* during the nineteenth century occurs constantly the theme that the Polish folk was destined to carry the Cross—and for long they bore it after the Third Partition, and heavy indeed that cross was—but that, finally, the moment would arrive for their resurrection. That moment came at the end of the World War. One of the happiest reconstructions of the Peace Treaties was the Polish Republic. Every reason justified, even demanded, it. Unfortunately, it is one of the tragedies of modern history that Poland should be situated without obvious natural frontiers between a militaristic Prussia, and Russia to the east. Both of these Powers hated Poland, the former because she was Slav and Catholic, the latter principally on the grounds that, though she was Slav, she was not Orthodox but Catholic, and further, Catholic of the Latin rite. As they increased in strength and Poland relatively declined, that country became a field for their aggression. As a State, Poland was older than either of its two aggressors. Its contribution to Christian culture was far higher than that of either of the two Powers mainly responsible for its various partitions. It had an honourable place in Christendom, while Russia was outside it altogether and Prussia, in the narrower sense, as much without as within the pale. It was one of the Christian bulwarks against Tartar and Turk, as it was, not twenty years ago, against the Bolsheviks. For a time, after its reconstitu-

tion, Poland was safe. Prussia, which had gathered the rest of Germany to itself, was weakened, while Soviet Russia's foreign activity was of a different kind. Soviet Russia and the Nazi Reich seemed irrevocably opposed. The *rapprochement* between the two, at least as far as designs upon Poland are concerned, is a sinister and a terrible phenomenon. As long as power-politics obtain, unless and until there is a completely new spirit in international affairs—no mere re-drawing of the map will give you that spirit—it is difficult to see how the old Poland can be reassembled or, if reassembled, could hold together for long in face of that dual opposition. The outlook is indeed a sorry one. It is still blacker when we remember that the two aggressors will not only oppress the Polish national spirit, but will also persecute its religion. For one of them is the home of militant atheism, whereas the other has consistently harried and victimized the Catholic Church.

A Christian Resistance

THE German Press is devoting its pages to self-congratulation. The campaign against the Poles now over—so they write—Germany has become the champion of Europe against the British balance-of-power policy. She will now proceed—presumably with a benevolent Soviet in the background—to manage her own and Europe's affairs. No mention is made of the possibility that the Western Powers may have a word to say to this arrangement. This kind of talk is intended to impress and influence smaller neutral countries, especially in Central and South-Eastern Europe, which are naturally in a high condition of alarm after the recent development of events. The predominance of a Nazi Germany on the Continent, more particularly if it enjoy the tacit support of Soviet Russia, constitutes such a threat to all those European countries, whether great or small, which preserve a large measure of the Christian Faith and tradition, that it is imperative for them to draw closer to one another in order to resist or at least to counter-balance this Northern influence. THE MONTH has frequently argued—as lately, for example, as the September number—that the natural balance-of-power is now to be discovered in the association of Great Britain with France and the Catholic Latin Powers, Portugal, Spain and Italy. Politically, this would secure the Mediterranean and make possible an effective assistance to the Balkan States were they to be attacked: a further association with Greece

and Turkey in the Eastern waters of that sea would make assurance doubly certain. From a Christian point of view, this would provide a front of peoples who continue to accept, and would be glad to maintain, Christian ideas and principles against the paganism of Bolshevik and Nazi. In such an array of Powers Italy, by virtue of its geographical position, is the key-country. It is surely not difficult to sense what have been the true reactions of the Italian people to the "battle of extermination" along the Vistula (so it is callously described in German *communiqués*), the havoc and bloodshed in Poland and the coming together of Germany and the Soviet.

The Rebirth of Prussianism

IT has been stated frequently in the past few weeks that we have no quarrel with the German people. In a sense, this is perfectly true. Anyone who has lived in Germany and known its people will be conscious of much kindness experienced at their hands, much real goodness and genuine friendliness he has seen and met: he will dislike the idea of war with them and be convinced that great numbers of Germans will feel exactly as he does himself. There is so little desire among the people in Germany for war with Britain and France that Herr Hitler was forced to allude to this in his Danzig speech and to assure his audience that the enthusiasm for war was overwhelming—a fairly accurate pointer to the lack of it. It is quite certain that large sections of the populace are opposed to Hitler and to nearly everything for which he stands: and these not merely the recently-annexed Czechs and Austrians, but, in the Reich, those over middle-age, a considerable percentage of German Catholics, very many of those who were Socialists under the Weimar regime. But it is not a simple matter to distinguish between the people and the present administration, and to protest that we are full of good will towards the one, even when we refuse to tolerate further the disgraceful behaviour of the other. With their many admirable qualities the German people reveal what might be termed a political immaturity: they are too easily disciplined and dragooned, and thus become the ready subjects of an efficient and ruthless system which they may in their hearts thoroughly dislike. Though many of them detested the Prussian spirit, they were its instruments and servants. Hitlerism is not an entirely new phenomenon, though some of its more hateful features may be new. On the evening of September 3rd His

Majesty uttered slowly his momentous words which announced that we had been forced into a conflict. "For we are called, with our allies," he insisted, "to meet the challenge of a principle which, if it were to prevail, would be fatal to any civilized order in the world. It is the principle which permits a State, in the selfish pursuit of power, to disregard its treaties and its solemn pledges; which sanctions the use of force, or threat of force, against the sovereignty and independence of other States." The words might have been his father's, the disregarded pledge a now historic "scrap of paper," Belgium the invaded country instead of Poland, the year 1914. "Such a principle," he continued, "stripped of all disguise, is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right." *Plus ça change . . .* one is tempted to murmur. Herr Hitler, in the same Danzig address, went out of his way to agree that this interpretation is the correct one. Germany to-day, he warned us, is a Frederician Germany—a Germany, that is, in the keenest Prussian tradition of the cynical Potsdam monarch, who was the very incarnation of the doctrine that might and cunning together constitute the right. We have no quarrel with the German people except for the unfortunate fact that they have presented us with the twin phenomena of Prussianism and Hitlerism, and have left to others the stern and disagreeable task of dealing with those evils.

War Guilt

THE quiet words both of Prime Minister and King on that first September Sunday contained the exhortation that the English people should remain "calm, firm and united," and a recognition that they would "play their part with calmness and courage." Mr. Chamberlain had a perfect right to claim that he had endeavoured with all his power to safeguard peace, and to add that he did not believe that there was anything more or anything different he could have attempted in order to secure it. Hopes of peace were frustrated by the action of one man "who will never give up his practice of using force to gain his will," and by those who think and feel and act along with him. It might be argued that the responsibility for the War of 1914 was, to some extent, distributed, though rather unevenly. To-day there would appear to be little or no doubt to whom the full war guilt is to be imputed. The Catholic hierarchy of this country has assured

us in no ambiguous terms that "this conflict has been brought upon us." They have urged all Catholics, in this time of national trial and endeavour, to fulfil the duty of loyal obedience and of willing co-operation in every form of national service. "We have," they insist, "a profound conviction of the justice of our cause. Our Nation in this conflict stands for freedom and for the liberty of the individual and the State." Impossible to suggest that here we have not been given clear and authoritative guidance.

War Aims

BUT even when the full justice of an appeal to force has been recognized, there remain further questions which have to be considered. We are not attempting to consider, still less to give them an answer here: it will suffice to enumerate one or two of them. Catholic thought demands a certain balance between the terrible calamities and suffering which are likely to result from a particular war, and the good it may be hoped to achieve by resort to weapons. Should it be clear to those who are thoroughly well-informed that a war on the Western Front would almost certainly end in a "stalemate" with nothing to record on either side save the tragic tale of loss, then many Catholic writers would, I think, be inclined to argue that even the justice of the cause would not fully justify the war. At the moment, two factors suggest that the task of the Allies in the West will be harder than it seemed to be at the beginning of hostilities. The first is the disappearance of an Eastern Front which would have divided the German attention and forces; the second is the entrance upon the scene of Russia which, whatever else it may portend, will enable Germany to obtain food and war materials from the Soviet and smaller States and consequently lessen the efficacy of the naval blockade. The question is no easy one to decide, though it is reasonable to formulate it. Of course, the individual is not really in a position to decide it, for he lacks the requisite knowledge: and there enter into play the elements of confidence in authority and obedience to the lawful demands of the State. Furthermore, if it be asserted that the evil against which we have taken our present stand is so extreme that until it be removed, there is no possibility of security and lasting peace, then our recourse to war is for that the more worthy and more justified. A further problem is one of the clear definition of our aims in the present conflict,

framed in such a manner that it will be both true and capable of being understood and appreciated in other, even enemy, countries. Let it not be too abstract or too obviously couched in "liberal" phraseology which, however intelligible to the English mind, is, for the most part, not appreciated abroad. Let it be in frank and honest language which will increase the general sympathy with the Allied effort which is evident to-day throughout practically the entire world. In a recent letter to *The Times* (September 20th) Mr. Douglas Jerrold made some excellent points. The Catholic centre and south of Europe, he reminded previous correspondents, is still as intellectually hostile to the principle of Western capitalist Liberalism as it is to Communism. Europe, he added, "in its hour of agony, may yet go to Canossa. Southern Europe will never again go, except at the point of the bayonet, to Versailles or Geneva." Our appeal will inevitably be made, to a large extent, to Catholic Europe, which "must, in the long, and perhaps in the short run, support wholeheartedly any nations which are fighting in the sacred cause of Religious liberty, freedom of conscience and freedom of worship."

Evacuees

THE transference from congested areas of population of large numbers of schoolchildren, of the infirm and aged, of mothers with young children and mothers soon-to-be, was carried through with singular efficiency and success. It was too much to expect that all the adults originally transferred to the country would remain there. The lure of the Old Kent Road may have brought some back from rural Kent, and Cambridge Circus have enticed others from its quiet namesake on the Cam. But the fact remains that a great number of Catholics, children principally, but also many adults, who normally live in towns, are distributed through the country-side; many of them from London, for example, are lodged in Suffolk, Norfolk and Cambridgeshire, counties which have a small percentage of Catholic residents. Consequently we are faced with a new problem, and at the same time afforded a splendid opportunity. The problem is that of providing Mass, the Sacraments and general religious assistance in districts where the normal supply of Catholic priests cannot be adequate for the new invasion: the opportunity, that of introducing these and other counties—in many cases it will be a first acquaintance—to the reality and splen-

dour of the Church's teaching. It should be impressed upon Catholic teachers and children in evacuated areas that they are, in a real sense, ambassadors of the Church. Every Catholic who is worth the name has something of the spirit of an apostle. Now one can be an apostle without uttering a word on religious subjects; an apostle through example—in unselfishness, in good humour under awkward circumstances, in confidence shown through difficult times. When the occasion offers itself, books can be lent, questions answered, this or that sympathetically explained: the multiplication of Mass-centres in some of the counties will excite non-Catholic interest. Finally, we cannot but think that the very fact that this country is upholding the cause of freedom and man's fundamental rights in the face of an oppressive and ungodly power will reawaken here a desire for religious faith, and thus allow the Church a further opportunity to spread her message of Divine Truth.

Prayer

“**D**E PROFUNDIS . . .” “Out of the Depths . . .”; it is in tribulation and calamity that man's fickle heart turns most readily to the thought of God. His joys he may keep, for the most part, for himself: his sorrows he would bring to the Almighty from whose hands he looks for comfort and assistance. Prayer is the raising of the mind and heart to God. This is a simple definition, but it is equally true of the saint's long hours of meditation upon divine things and the broken snatches of a child's aspirations. “Mind and heart”—man's twin faculties which mark him out as man: the mind that sees, that can look beyond the moment, can recognize the Fact, the Presence, the All-Importance of God, can understand how everything is subject to His ruling Providence, inscrutable as the ways of that Providence may at times seem: the heart that will turn to Him in thankfulness or sorrow and with the firm and generous resolve to do His will. War conditions may soon render it impossible for the faithful to attend, for example, extra or evening services as frequently as they may have been accustomed to do. But nothing can interfere with the practice of private prayer. One of the most valuable fruits of such prayer—not so much of prolonged prayer, but of frequent prayer, be it only an ejaculation, a short familiar phrase—is a growing consciousness of God's Reality and Presence. To turn the mind and heart

towards God at intervals throughout the day, to throw, as it were, a network of prayer over all we attempt and do, and thus to become ever more mindful that we are in His hands, are guided by His Goodness and supported by His Love—what an admirable Christian habit this would be! This more sensitive awareness of His Presence will strengthen our trust and confidence in Him, a confidence that He will care for and protect ourselves and those we know and cherish, and who are threatened, immediately or remotely, by war's perils, a fervent trust that in the end the good and the right will prevail, and that the decent, the human, the Christian values will once more be enshrined in the hearts and in the lives of men.

"The Month" in War Time

N EARLY two years ago the late Editor, Father Keating, hinted in these editorial pages that it might very soon be necessary to reduce the number of pages of *THE MONTH*. This he considered to be imperative owing to the considerable increase in the costs of production, both as regards printing and paper. The suggestion was discreetly postponed for future consideration. Unfortunately, war conditions and the coming restriction upon the use of paper make it necessary for us now to put his previous suggestion into effect. We are particularly anxious that the price of *THE MONTH* should not be raised as it was—and indeed as it had to be—during the War of 1914—1918. As long as it is at all possible, this will remain at the present level of one shilling. The reduction in size will involve a shortening of these introductory comments and the omission of one of the usual six articles: and naturally there will be a slight reduction in the space allotted for book reviews. Otherwise, *THE MONTH* will remain what it has been, namely, a Catholic review which seeks to help, instruct and, especially in the period of war, a little to console its readers. We earnestly appeal to all subscribers and readers to continue their subscriptions—and wherever possible, to encourage others to subscribe. Happily, the article which appeared in the July number and gave an account of *THE MONTH*'s relatively long history of seventy-five years, absolves us from the need of speaking of this now. But if you have time, and the July number is anywhere at hand, please look over that history again, and help us, to the best of your power, to render a valuable service to the Catholics of this country during the trying days that are bound to come.

NAZIS AGAINST THE CHURCH

“IT is the evil things that we shall be fighting against”—such were the historic words of Mr. Chamberlain—“brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution.” The Prime Minister was speaking from no small personal experience: indeed, he has had long acquaintance with these “evil things” during his sustained efforts to secure a lasting and honourable peace. What has not always been so evident is the fact that a like technique and similar methods have been employed from the very beginning, in the Nazi attack upon the Catholic Church. For Catholics the story is a familiar one, even when they have not grasped what an intensity of purpose lay behind the attack. Others may have felt inclined to discount this notion of persecution either as unreal or partly justified, as the State’s quite proper reaction to unwarranted interference by the Church: after all, there are plenty of sticks available for Church-beating, and they will certainly have heard of that most useful caption, “political Catholicism.” But now that Nazi intentions are as clear as the brightest day, and Nazi truthfulness and honour have been exposed for what they are, such persons may do well to reflect upon the parallel between Nazi aggressiveness abroad and at home: they will then understand that what they are learning now, the Church has known for the past six years and more, and that their enemy of to-day has for long been the declared enemy of the Catholic Church.

Recently, two books have been published which deal with the position of the Church in Germany and its varied experiences under Nazi rule.¹ They are by no means the first of their kind, but they enjoy a special timeliness, appearing, as they did, on the eve of the war, when a great part of the world was acutely conscious of the “evil things” denounced by Mr. Chamberlain. Each volume is excellent in its own particular way: that of Dr. Micklem being weightier and more fully documented, while Count D’Harcourt’s is a more continuous

¹ “National-Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church.” By Dr. Nathaniel Micklem. Oxford University Press. Pp. xvi, 244. Price, 8s. 6d. 1939. “The German Catholics.” By Comte Robert D’Harcourt. Translated by R. J. Dingle. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. xiv, 274. Price, 7s. 6d. 1939.

narrative. Taken together, they give a vivid picture of what has been happening in the Church struggle since 1933; and an absorbing picture it is, not merely for its own sake and on account of the Christian values involved, but also because it helps us to adjudge with greater accuracy the Nazi tactics and manœuvring in the international sphere.

Dr. Micklem is Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, and naturally he is not a Catholic. His work is published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and is intended as the first of a series of studies in the relationship between Church and State. In a foreword, contributed not by the author but by Viscount Astor, Chairman of the Council of the Institute, there is a brief and somewhat quaint apologia, possibly to explain why the writing of the book was not entrusted to a Catholic. "If the Council had thought it necessary, at all costs," we are informed, "to maintain an even balance between the two contending principles, they might have placed the work in the hands of some competent observer who had an equally complete disbelief in Christianity and National-Socialism; but such an observer—supposing that he could have been found—might well have felt that the questions at issue were of no account and that the subject was, therefore, of no great importance after all." This search for an impartial witness who will be not only disinterested but probably quite un-interested in the matter under review, smacks somewhat of the absurd. Is it seriously suggested, for example, that a Buddhist would write the best history of the religious wars of the sixteenth century, or that the most impartial account of the development of Christian doctrine will one day be composed by a freethinker? The Chairman's conclusion should surely have been that the Council decided to have the work prepared by a scholar who was not himself a Catholic. This is not, however, stated, though possibly we are meant to infer it: and we are at once given the assurance that the author "believes, as the Council believes, that the issues raised in the conflict between the Catholic Church and the National-Socialist State in Germany are of fundamental importance for the destinies of Mankind." A very short acquaintance with the book will soon dispel any lingering misgivings. For not only is it scholarly, thoroughly documented and objective, as are all the publications of Chatham House, but it reveals a warm appreciation of the Catholic attitude, and contains scarcely one word of criticism of Catholic leadership: there is far less

criticism than can be discovered, rightly or wrongly, in the work of the Catholic, Robert D'Harcourt.

Dr. Micklem's verdict (p. 26) is that the Church conflict "is not a regrettable episode in the development of National-Socialism, a mistake or miscalculation which, with a little forbearance and good will on both sides, could easily be overcome. The conflict is inevitable and impatient of any solution without compromise of principle." By 1936 it was perfectly obvious that the issue lay between the Catholic religion and the National-Socialist philosophy or, rather, "National-Socialism as a religion." "The 'positive Christianity' professed by the State and being imposed upon the whole nation, and more particularly on the young, was fundamentally incompatible with historic Christianity" (p. 166). Dr. Micklem finds the main issue in this conflict between the Nazis and the Catholic Church. Referring to the Dean of Chichester's study of "The Struggle for Religious Freedom in Germany," which was reviewed at some length in these pages a year ago, he remarks that the title is true if applied to the so-called Confessional or loyal Protestant Church. Catholics were struggling, however, for more than religious liberty. "The Catholic Church was fighting not only, and indeed not primarily, for religious freedom, but for the principles of a Christian civilization in Germany" (p. 168). To this judgment Dr. Micklem appends a most illuminating footnote:

I do not wish to suggest [he writes] that this was no concern of the Confessional Church. But the strong Barthian tendency in the thought of that Church made the phrase "a Christian civilization" appear almost a contradiction in terms, and the extreme Erastianism of the Lutheran tradition in Germany made the thought of the Church severely unpolitical. Moreover, the Evangelical Church in Germany has been broken up by the heresy of the "German Christians," supported by the Government. The Confessional Church, therefore, tends to say, "the integrity of the Gospel is at stake," where the Catholic Church says, "Christian civilization is at stake." The difference in expression marks a great difference between the two Communion, but the one phrase does not contradict the other.

After an adequate analysis of "Mein Kampf" and Rosenberg's "Mythus of the Twentieth Century," the sacred writ-

ings of the Third Reich, he has valuable chapters on the relationship of Party and State, the notions of "positive Christianity" and "political Catholicism" (two expressions in continuous use, but whose significance is variable at will or whim), the nature and history of the Concordat. The larger portion of the book is filled with a detailed historical survey of the Church-State problem from 1933 to the end of 1938. Dr. Micklem has gone to immense trouble and has studied Nazi literature in its more, and in its less, reputable forms. Manfully he has laboured through number after number of *Das Schwarze Korps*, *Der S. A. Mann*, *Durchbruch*, and the privately circulated *Schulungsbrief*, along with other literary blossoms that thrive lustily on the dung-heap of abuse. It cannot have been an easy or pleasant course of reading in which the foulest names are attached to the most sacred persons, Christ Himself not excluded, and where no metaphor from the pig-yard or the cesspool is deemed unsuitable for the Catholic priesthood.

Dr. Micklem judges the situation, however, with the eye of a realist. He reminds us that, although no educated man could consider Rosenberg's "Mythus" to be a work of scholarship, "to refuse to take Herr Rosenberg seriously in the life of Germany to-day would be a fatal blindness" (p. 223). Referring to the Church's reply to the "Mythus," which appeared in a series of appendices to a diocesan journal, he remarks that "it was devastating but 'you must always be conscious that National-Socialism is no science but an inward experience of the individual.' The quiet exposure of bizarre theories and historical ineptitudes must have sounded, or failed to sound, like the recitation of Wordsworth at an American baseball match. Those who were attempting to think with their blood would be little impressed by a document addressed solely to their heads" (p. 112).

The whole story is there: the gradual pushing out of the Church from public life, the suppression on specious pretexts of her religious and cultural associations guaranteed by the Concordat, the denial of her right to instruct—in the Press, by pastoral letter and in the school: pressure cunningly and relentlessly applied that officials should apostatize, that employees should no longer dare to send their children to Catholic schools: hate fomented, popular outbursts carefully staged, the young invited to spy upon their parents, and over all the grim shadow of the Gestapo. Finally, the identifica-

tion of Party with nation as well as State, the claim that unless you think in the Nazi manner, you are at best a second-class German. "The Catholic faithful to his religion," has declared Bishop Preysing of Berlin, "is to-day an outlaw in the Reich." Dr. Micklem's book deserves close study both on account of its scholarly character and for the reason that it contains so much which illustrates the Nazi mentality and method. He points out, too, where this method fails because of its very crudity and violence. "The Immorality Trials did little harm to the Church, but to the Party they have done irreparable harm, not least because the trustworthiness of its papers was less than ever accepted by the people" (p. 161). And here, as occasionally elsewhere, he embarks upon a strong counter-argument. "It would seem necessary, and at this point appropriate, to indicate that the question of sexual morality is grave in Germany, and more particularly in connexion with the Party. It may be held to the credit side of the account that discipline has been exercised by the courts upon so many Party members, but it has to be remembered that, unless open scandal appear, offences of this kind can be indefinitely tolerated." His ultimate verdict, as far as the Church is concerned, is more optimistic than would have been that of many responsible German Catholics a few weeks ago. "With the passing of 1938"—so run his concluding words—"the Christian Church in Germany enters into a dark cloud, but it is unafraid. *Nubicula est; transibit.*"

For those who have neither time nor inclination for a very detailed account, Count D'Harcourt's volume may be heartily recommended. He is a frequent contributor to the French review *Études*, and the present book is excellently translated from the French. It would be paltry to comment upon the slight inconsistency to be observed here and there in the rendering of German place-names. Once again, the final summing up has something of that quality of optimism which cannot be wholly absent from any long-term Christian judgment. If there has been a certain loss in numbers, this has been compensated by a gain in quality. Religious vocations were never more fervent, nor spiritual retreats more assiduously supported than at present. Small treacheries and weaknesses can be enumerated, but these should not blind us to those whose heads are erect and whose consciences are clear. The Catholic youth has wonderful reserves, and the Holy Father's appeal for an heroic spirit has not been wasted. "By

driving Catholicism underground the civil power may have stifled the resistance of some, but it has also released unsuspected forces" (p. xiii).

We are reminded of a fact that may easily have escaped our notice because of subsequent attempts on the Church's part to co-operate, as far as might be, with the new regime. As early as 1930, the German bishops were obliged to take up an attitude to Nazi teaching which they have never altered. The Bishop of Mainz in 1930, the Bavarian hierarchy in February, 1931, and again in the following year, condemned certain racial and nationalistic tenets. A categorical No was given to the three questions whether a Catholic might be a member of the Party, whether Party members could take an official part in Church ceremonies, and, finally, whether a Catholic who accepted the full Nazi principles might be admitted to the Sacraments. On points of discipline and practice there have been changes, but the original condemnation of principles still obtains: indeed, it has since been strongly reinforced by the stern words and the authority of the Papal Encyclical "*Mit Brennender Sorge*" of 1937.

Count D'Harcourt does not hesitate to blame both the German Catholics and their bishops for a policy of too great conciliation upon the Nazi accession to power. Though such censure is not without foundation, it is far too unqualified and unrelieved. He quotes an extract from a Swiss, non-Catholic, journal which contrasted the attitude of the episcopate towards Bismarck with that towards Hitler, and spoke of "a forest of mitres bowing to Baal in a brown shirt" (p. 82). But it is easier to be wise in after-years than at the time. The irresponsibility of a von Papen must have sounded fatuous enough when he announced that the era of conflict of conscience was gone for ever, and could proclaim a happy harmony between the principles of "*Quadragesimo Anno*" and those of the Nazi party. But there were many factors which counselled the bishops to adopt this waiting attitude of partial tolerance, though the element of vigilant distrust was still present. Inflation, disorder, discontent, the reawakening of a national spirit, a strong reaction among Catholics against the Centre Party and its enforced association with the Marxists—all these had to be considered: and, on the other side, there were the sturdy utterances of Hitler and his fellows that they would respect to the full religious liberty, the profession, albeit an ambiguous one, of a "positive Chris-

tianity," the promise made publicly in the Reichstag on March 23, 1933, that the rights of the Christian Churches would be left intact, their influence protected in the schools, and that the one aim of the new Government was that there should be peace and concord between Church and State. Joyous echoes can still be found in the Bishops' Pastoral of nearly three months later, even if reservations are just as noticeable. "The men at the head of the State," it declared, "have, to our great joy, given a formal assurance that they take their stand on Christianity. This is a frank declaration which deserves the sincere gratitude of all Catholics." Alas! they had not yet learnt that such professions had not the slightest value, that they were the recognized weapons of a body of men who meant to bludgeon, to perjure and to lie their way to power. Soon they were to experience in the domestic and religious sphere what the world has now realized, and against which the world is at last reacting in that of foreign politics, namely, that the men who made these and similar promises could never, from the beginning, be honoured or trusted or believed.

Count D'Harcourt's book is full of interest, brightly written, and should be widely read. The more recent exposure of Nazi methods in international affairs may well cause us to reconsider the Church's struggle, and we shall see that it is always the same method of attack. Some brief analysis of this will not, under present circumstances, be out of place. First of all, the enemy against whom you will eventually act, must be lulled to a false condition of security. This is done by loud professions of peace, by the assertion, when you have made some sudden coup, that your last claim is satisfied and that you have no further ambitions: now you are ready to be at peace and on terms of friendship with everybody. How often have we heard this during the past two years? With the Church it was a profession of great respect for Christianity. "The National Government regards the two Christian confessions as factors essential to the soul of the German people"—this was the official statement. Bergmann might write that "our people must be emancipated from Christianity," but then, he is a private individual, as also is Herr Rosenberg. Local clashes and interference are simply "local": they are explained by the impulsiveness of some junior official who incidentally is never punished. The chief thing is "peace and concord between Church and State," and,

abroad, a similar peace. When the time comes for you to take action, the blame must, of course, be entirely that of your adversary. You never take the initiative, your measures are invariably defensive. The State would not think of breaking any clauses of the Concordat : it does not dissolve Catholic organizations, it puts a stop to their activity because they are a danger to public order in that young Nazis are provoked to attack them, or they have been indulging in secret political activity. Catholic schools are not closed because they are Catholic, but on the grounds that they are no longer necessary (there are other schools available in the district), or parents wish their children to be sent elsewhere. There are hundreds of clever ways in which the spirit of the Concordat has been outraged, though it is pretended that the letter is still observed. There is no *Kulturkampf*. Who would envisage such a thing? It is the enemy who must be in the wrong. When a quarrel is to be picked with Czechs or Poles, these peoples who do not understand how to live as "good neighbours" are found to mishandle and ill-treat inoffensive Germans until the Führer's blood positively boils. Even at home similar atrocities have been foisted upon Catholics. In the summer of 1935 local hooligans had set a confessional on fire in a small Westphalian town and circulated a disgusting pamphlet about the Bishop of Münster. Posters throughout the whole country announced that this was the work of Catholic *agents provocateurs* who were anxious to discredit the fair name of the Government. It is difficult to say who is deceived by such childish and yet consistent tactics. But there the tactics are. You are never in the wrong : your interference is justified as a purely defensive measure : in other words, you first create the situation you require and then, with a smirk of injured righteousness, you proceed to protect yourself—from Czech or Pole or Catholic.

In the international sphere the recent change of Nazi policy towards Poland is a perfect example of this technique. Under the Weimar regime the relations between Germany and Poland had not been continuously friendly. The question of the "Corridor" was constantly ventilated. With the Hitler Government relations improved surprisingly, and a Pact was negotiated in 1934 which still had five years to run when it was denounced unilaterally this year by the Reich. The Pact asserted that it was time to initiate a new era in German-Polish relations. Its preamble started with the state-

ment that the maintenance and ensuring of a durable peace between the two countries was an essential condition for general European peace. . . . If (the treaty goes on) disputes incapable of composition through direct negotiation arise, the two Governments would seek agreement in mutual understanding by other peaceful means. . . . But in no circumstances would they proceed to the use of force for the purpose of settling such disputes. A few days after the conclusion of the Pact, Hitler announced in the Reichstag that "Germans and Poles must reconcile themselves to each other's existence." Relations remained friendly : German eyes were turned elsewhere, to the Rhineland, which was to be refortified, to Austria that was waiting to be absorbed, to Czechoslovakia to be swallowed in a double meal. As lately as January of this year the German Foreign Minister visited Warsaw, and at a banquet bore public testimony to the value of the Pact which had stood the test and strains of the past five years, and which would remain "the surest foundation of relations between Germany and Poland, for a firm understanding with Poland is an essential element of the Führer's policy." Doubtless the cynical Herr von Ribbentrop smiled to himself when he made use of the epithet "firm." Shortly afterwards, a *communiqué* appeared which claimed that the Pact had "become, in the new situation, a valuable contribution towards present appeasement in Europe."

It is suggested that Germany was then angling for Polish assistance in a drive against Soviet Russia through the Ukraine. The assistance was not forthcoming, with the consequence that German attention was turned at once to the Poles. It was discovered of a sudden that these Poles were most unmannerly folk who did not realize how to behave as "good neighbours," but who terrorized their German minority in such a way that grave doubts could be entertained as to whether the Polish Government was in sufficient control. Similar statements had been made concerning the Prague administration in 1938. A campaign of vilification was let loose in the German Press : abuse was followed by mobilization : and mobilization by an unprovoked and dastardly attack upon the Poles. With a cynicism that has scarcely a parallel in human history, the Poles were convicted of refusing terms which had been communicated neither to themselves nor to their allies.

Vilification has been mentioned as part of the new tech-

nique. The excesses of the Nazi Press are not merely the natural expression of vulgar and inferior minds: they are a deliberate method which was laid down long ago in the pages of "Mein Kampf." According to Herr Hitler the Press is, at a given sign, to "let loose a downright drum-fire of lies and vituperation against the opponents that seem most dangerous up to the point where the nerve of those attacked is broken."¹ Here you have the origin of that "war of nerves" so sedulously waged and lost in recent months by the Nazi Press. "The task of propaganda," we are informed on another page of this revealing volume, "is not to weigh up various rights, but to emphasize exclusively the one right that it desires to vindicate. It has not to search out the truth objectively so far as it may be favourable to the other side, in order then to set the truth before the masses in its theoretical integrity, but rather to serve its own ends uninterrupted."² Herr Hitler has a contempt for the masses, and no one will question the fact that he knows the German masses very well. The key to their hearts, he insists, is "not objectivity, which is weakness, but will and power. . . . The people see in unflinching, ruthless attack upon an opponent the proof of one's own right, any hesitation about the destruction of the other it sees as uncertainty in respect to one's right, if not a proof that one has no right at all."³ A devilish doctrine—not merely that Might is Right, but that every shred of decency and truth must be torn from the face of Might. Cover your enemy with abuse of the foulest sort and follow this with three of the "evil things" of which Mr. Chamberlain spoke: "injustice, oppression and persecution." Whether it be Czechs or Poles or Englishmen who are abused, or "the filthy fellows of the Church," the "pig-priests," the "pestilential stench of a putrefying Church," it is one and the same proceeding, a barrage of ordure behind which the ranks will be assembled for attack.

One last quotation from the Koran of the Third Reich. "If a number of enemies are to be attacked at once, the question will arise in the popular mind whether all these others can be wholly mistaken, whether one's own nation or one's own Movement can alone be in the right. Hence a number of intrinsically different enemies must be lumped together, so that

¹ "Mein Kampf," p. 45. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1939.

² *Ibid.*, p. 201.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 371.

there seem to be only one enemy. This will increase the people's faith and embitter them the more against the foe." ¹ In accordance with this plan, Catholics were associated with Jews and Communists as the "international poisoners" of the German spirit. Pius XI hand in glove with Stalin, the "blacks" (or "clericals") marching alongside the "reds," Jewish influence within the Church, etc., etc.—these were the popular headlines. Remember that "intrinsically different enemies" must be put together in order to direct a hose-pipe of venom and passion in the one single direction. And, as it was at home, so it has been abroad. Czechoslovakia was presented as a mere outpost of Soviet Russia in Central Europe when Bohemia barred the path to German expansion towards the East. Czechs were lumped with Jews and Bolsheviks according to the Führer's propaganda prescription. The Germans and many outside Germany were taken in. The Poles could scarcely be associated with Communists, but even here the naïve suggestion was spread that it was a clique of Jewish generals who had stiffened the thoroughly unreasonable Polish resistance to the Führer's most reasonable demands.

The civilized world has now seen the hollowness of all this pretence, the falsehood and evil of this technique. Brute force and bad faith have formed the programme: they are now to be resisted and, please God, destroyed. And, as though anxious to help the Allies, Herr Hitler has trumped his own, and not his adversaries', hand. It may have served him in the past to denounce and abuse the so-called, but intrinsically nonsensical "Catholic-Communist Front." The newest Pact between himself and Stalin—even though it work, as it will, to his destruction—is an indication to Catholics, both in Germany and throughout the world, that the two political systems of to-day to which the Church is, and must always, remain opposed, are not "intrinsically" such very "different enemies" after all. The glittering armour which the one put on as the self-styled champion of Christianity against the other, has lost all its sheen and substance: and the brown shirt underneath, both in texture as in colour, appears remarkably similar to the red.

FRANCIS MARCH.

¹ "Mein Kampf," p. 129.

AVOIDING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

THERE are, I suppose, a great number of ways to become a Catholic. At least I have never heard of any two people who became Catholics for the same reason—I mean for exactly the same reason. There is, of course, only one Catholic Church, but there is no limit to the number of spokes of which it may be the hub—to the number of roads that may converge upon it. Because of this variety of approach, it is my belief that each convert has something new to say. Some will say it better than others; some won't say it at all; but all *could* say it, granted that they were made sufficiently articulate, and I repeat that each one would have something new in his story. This is an indication not only of the manifold nature of man himself, but of the Oneness of the Church which, while remaining One, nevertheless draws to itself like a magnet, every conceivable variety of human person.

It should be made clear at the outset of any diary of the Roman voyage that the principal reason behind it is one that the voyager finds himself least able to discuss, namely, Grace. When a man says that his conversion is "due to the Grace of God," he has said everything theologically, and nothing apologetically. As a Catholic he realizes the fact and the potency of Grace, but when he writes about his steps towards the Church, he is writing about a time in his life when he did not realize those things; when, indeed, he was probably unaware of them as such. Consequently, if he is to write of his conversion, and attempt to re-create that experience as it actually seemed to him while it was taking place, he must for the moment lay aside considerations of Grace and seek to view the world once more as a non-Catholic. It is a difficult feat—something like trying to imagine oneself blind after having been given the gift of sight. Yet that is just what a man must try to do if he would render a faithful account of his journey.

I do not know whether converts can, as a rule, recall with certainty the main turning-point in their lives, that point which eventually proved to be the beginning of what their friends call their "débâcle." In my case, at any rate, this point stands out starkly in my mind. It came to me as a

dilemma in the midst of a violent argument I was having with a very decided Catholic. At that time I not only did not believe in God; I resented the very idea of His possible existence. Although, if pushed, I would no doubt have taken refuge in the so-called agnostic position, I was, as are all agnostics if you scratch them deeply enough, an atheist. It is an ugly word, even to most atheists, but it is the only word that will describe that state of mind.

Now there were many things about the universe then that didn't suit me, but I got along quite well without the preposterous notion of an interfering Deity, a sort of cosmic umpire, "who notes the fall of a sparrow, and is shocked by the fall of a Sunday School superintendent." It was a matter of intellectual good taste to dismiss all questions of "the spiritual" or "the supernatural" as arrant nonsense. When a leading cynic of the day described clergymen as "ticket speculators outside the gates of heaven," he expressed and confirmed my own view. It was not only wrong, it was irritating in people to cling to supernatural notions in a day when science and rationalism had rendered them obsolete. Of course, I was willing enough to argue the point (too willing, indeed, to suit most people), but I argued from a rather lofty eminence, and with what must have been an infuriating air of superiority.

The argument with my Catholic friend turned on the question of free will and determinism. I have forgotten its details or which of us prevailed, but I have never forgotten the feeling of amazement and frustration that came to me when I looked the problem of free will full in the face for the first time. Let me repeat—I looked the problem of free will *full in the face*. I had thought about it before, and had argued about it many times, but never with anyone who impolitely held me to the point because he himself had a full realization of the point. He brought me back to the point relentlessly, time and again. He forced me to see it then, as I see it now, as a clear case of "either—or," with the middle definitely excluded.

To put it bluntly: if you lay all your philosophical cards on the table and don't quibble, there are two possibilities, and only two—either man has free will, or he hasn't. There is no middle ground. If, as I enthusiastically believed, man was a purely material being, an animal only, higher than other animals, but higher only on the same material plane,

subject to the same laws "and to the same inchoate fears and irresolutions," then he certainly did not have free will.

On the other hand, if man did possess free will, or if any being whatsoever possessed it, then there was something in the universe which was not to be explained by a material cause. But this conclusion was completely abhorrent to me. To argue that there was something in the universe not explainable in terms of matter alone, opened the gate to something non-material, that is, something spiritual, and this was, as I then saw it, to talk nonsense.

So I tried to conclude that, though I was merely material, like any other animal, I somehow had also a freedom of choice. This had been my conclusion after all other arguments on the subject, but the difference between this argument and the others was that this time I was vaguely disquieted by the feeling that there was something wrong somewhere. I felt secretly guilty of trying to eat my philosophical cake and have it. As time went on, I looked further into the matter. I read, argued, thought, fought and made myself generally disagreeable. Up to this point, being a materialist had been great fun. Although I didn't realize it, what I had been doing was to accept the prerogatives of free will (which, if it is anything, is a spiritual faculty) while at the same time I denied the existence of any spiritual reality whatsoever. The inevitable contradiction within such a view, though not yet apparent in all its force, began gradually to seep into my consciousness.

Held as a thesis in a battle of wits, the materialist premise might yield some amusement, but the further I considered its implications, the less amused I became. I could not, of course, consider capitulating into the "spiritual" camp simply because I couldn't justify a thorough-going materialism. But I tried honestly to live my materialism, and I found it self-refuting. I felt for the first time the immense gulf that lies between those who play with ideas, and those who deal seriously with them. To maintain a materialist view of life, and then live as if one had free will (that is, to praise or blame, to accept or reject, to judge the rightness or wrongness of anything from any standpoint whatever) was to live a contradiction. Yet according to the materialist view, the very concept of "contradiction" itself was meaningless. All concepts were meaningless. All values were meaningless, even that last value which consists in the denial of all value. Values

and everything else meant nothing. No meaning was to be found anywhere.

It was precisely at this point that I was most tempted to give up. I found that that was just what all my former friends in the materialistic camp *did* do. Oh, they were quite sensible about it. "Don't take these problems too seriously," they said in effect. "It's a mistake to bother your head about them. Better heads than yours have cracked, trying to solve them. Life is meaningless. Reconcile yourself to that, and be as happy as possible under the circumstances. Learn to 'accept the ironies of life and reject its illusions.' "

But this sort of talk only exasperated me. I could not make these people see that in adopting that attitude they were "running out" on their position, on our position: the materialist one. If, as they said, life was meaningless, that in itself was a judgment upon it, and yet by their own arguments, any sort of judgment was impossible. A completely determined being cannot make a judgment. And as for being "happy"—what a silly way to talk! To be happy while living in the midst of an insoluble contradiction about the very fundamentals of existence might be possible for some, but it was not for me. And I saw clearly enough that it was possible for *them* only because they were refusing to face the issue. They talked determinism, but it never occurred to them to try to live it. And a philosophy which could not be lived was, by the acid test, no philosophy at all.

However, because a philosophy of materialism could not be lived, it did not follow that those arguing in favour of a "spiritual" reality were right. No matter how miserable practical determinism made one, that was no excuse for giving up and joining the ranks of the enemy. But where was I to go? I tried to dismiss these melancholy considerations. With the passing of months, what had begun as an exhilarating discussion, was ending as something quite different. In my pursuit of truth I had failed to find it, but I had definitely lost my peace of mind. I was like the proverbial fish out of its element.

I re-read with bitterness some of the sentimental dithyrambs I had previously admired about "searchers after truth"; about those who resolutely reject everything but their reason, and humbly seek the "truth" in the laboratory or in the grove of the philosopher. It made a pretty picture. Especially touching were passages about their "divine discontent." Now

I did not flatter myself that my discontent was divine, but it was real, and I suddenly lost my taste for this self-styled search after truth, and all the fake humility that went with it about "following it unto death," etc. There is nothing so embarrassing to the seeker after truth as to find the object of his search, or at least to flush it from its hiding-place, and find it to be an ogre of futility.

In vain did I try to reconcile free will with the materialist premise. But even when I was trying hardest to do so, I could not help but see that, granting all the æons of evolution you please, granting all the mutations and natural selecting you want, allowing for the most acrobatic feats of the *élan vital*, a pig is a pig, an ape is an ape, a cave man is a cave man, and they aren't going to sprout super-material functions like free will by a sort of spontaneous combustion. Of its nature, the material cannot give birth to the super-material, and, as I have said, if free will is not super-material, it isn't anything at all. I became irrevocably disgusted with all the subterfuges that parade under such titles as "emergence," and by which men seek to avoid the profoundest implications of their being.

However, there is a limit to what a man can stand, so eventually, being thoroughly disillusioned as far as pure materialism was concerned, I began to look the whole problem over from the other point of view. That is, I tried (even though I hated myself for doing it) to conceive the universe as being the creation of some force that was non-material, just to see what would happen. I do not mean that I merely glanced at this hypothesis. I reluctantly, but carefully, examined it.

It has been said that truth comes by conflict. I suppose one of the greatest conflicts of all must be that involved in the removal of prejudice. It often takes a shock to remove it, and the shock that banished it for me, or began to banish it, was the realization—the full realization—that a materialist philosophy does not explain the facts of existence. No one who has not held that philosophy can realize what a shock this is.

I did not jump for joy when I viewed the cool analysis of St. Thomas of the problem of creation. In fact, I was mainly concerned with being amazed at myself that I should be reading anything by anyone with a "St." in front of his name, because I still disliked religion as something sentimental and

remote from reason. Yet it couldn't be entirely removed from reason, because St. Thomas, for one, certainly went about things rationally, and he was religious. For a time, this added just one more item to my list of paradoxes, but as I read further, and began actually to place myself in the position of the Catholic reasoner, and follow him along step by step, I had a unique experience. I felt for the first time that, in a way, the "other side" might have one or two theoretical points in its favour: purely theoretical, of course. Still, the points I saw, did dovetail pretty neatly, and I kept on and on—reading, thinking, despairing, and losing arguments.

It is unnecessary to notice here every step in my groping from this tentative beginning to my final acceptance of God's existence. However, once I was convinced of the reasonableness of the arguments for the existence of a God, I found to my surprise that my distaste for the notion of revelation began to diminish. Upon examination, this distaste turned out to be far more emotional than philosophical. I found that what I had been objecting to all along was not so much the evidence in favour of revelation (because, to tell the truth, I had never really examined it) but the idea that was implied in the notion of revelation, that is, God. But once the idea of God was genuinely admitted as being at least possible, then the evidence for revelation took on quite a different colour. Then, through history, I was able to corroborate, or at least to see facts consonant with, the philosophical conception advanced by Catholics. With God and revelation admitted as possibilities, and the facts of history being what they are, the logical conclusion from these was the Catholic Church.

Why the Catholic Church, and no other? This is a fair question, though one that would require a book for an adequate answer. But let me try to give one in a paragraph. Like many another atheist, I had always felt a certain affinity with the Catholic Church: that is, though I did not accept one of its tenets, I felt somehow that, if "religion" were ever to become possible for me, the Catholic Church would be the only one I could consider. This is a peculiar thing—probably a tribute from one absolutist to another. For one thing, I realized that in that Church there was something that did not compromise. My materialist friends did, my liberal friends did, almost everyone I ever knew did compromise in one way or another, consciously or unconsciously. But the Catholic Church did not. It was undoubtedly wrong, I felt, but at

least it had the virtue of being entirely wrong. It did not develop any inconsistencies in an effort to salvage a fragment of truth. So, since I had always deemed it totally wrong, it did not occur to me, when I began to think that I detected truth in it, that it could be "partly" right. If it had been all wrong as I saw it then, it was completely right as I saw it now.

I am fully aware that such a position, though clear as day to myself, must seem a very broad assumption to those who disagree with me. But it is not as broad as it looks. Just remember one thing: of all the Churches in the Christian world, it is the only one that makes exclusive claims and says with self-confident authority: "I am the One True Church, founded by Jesus Christ for the salvation of men; the Bearer and Preserver of the whole body of revealed truth." I hasten to say that this assertion does not contain its own proof: but I do insist that, if God founded any Church on earth for the salvation of men, it would be a Church which spoke in this manner.

Furthermore, it would not hold conflicting views. It would not concede that, even though Revelation has taken place and the Church been established, men may be permitted to hold this or that view on matters of Faith, whether these views coincided with the teaching of the Church or not. Liberalism no doubt has its place in many fields, but when it comes to the vital question of the salvation of the human soul, the only sort of Church that meets man's needs, is one that speaks with the accent of finality. It is not difficult to discover the only Church which does that.

Perhaps the strongest evidences for the Divinity of the Church are not those that lead us to her, but those that bind us intimately to her when we have accepted her gentle yoke. They are evidences, or persuasions, which necessarily can be known only to her children. But to them they render her, and all she stands for, more irresistible than she could possibly appear from the outside, even to the most sympathetic onlooker.

It is only when we submit to her that we can realize the profound sense in which the Church is the Mother of mankind. From whatever arid wastes we may approach her—from those of pride, of barren dialectic, of carnal sin, of wilful hate, of sloth—she soon teaches us to discard what is erroneous and to treasure all the more what is right. Within her confines, all the generous impulses of which human nature is

capable find nourishment and ample room to grow, free from the dangers of sin and mistake which inevitably await those who turn their backs upon her and depend on fallen human nature for their support.

She is a stern Mother, too, who can inflict severe chastisement on those of her children who wilfully persist in opposing her commands; she often irks us, as do human mothers, by forbidding us to do those very things which, in our essential immaturity, we would fain accomplish. But she is always fair, and her severity is dictated by love. She offers us, from her treasury of grace, forgiveness, and a chance to start anew. To know her is to love her, and to love her is the greatest blessing which mortal man may receive. If, as I have said, the acid test of any philosophy is in the living of it, then the Catholic philosophy fulfils this test, for it is, more fully than any other, a "design for living."

PHILLIPS TEMPLE.

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THE MUSIC OF THE MISSAL

II

PASSING now to the Missal itself, we have a more difficult task. First, we are dealing with prose, not verse. It is very seldom that you get a direct classical "scansion" in the Missal, and even when you do, it is apt to "tail off," like "Salve sancta parens," which reverts to prose in the middle of the second line. (We do not appeal to "Fac nos innocuam Ioseph decurrere vitam Sitque," etc. Whether or no a Pope wrote it, to us it tastes like ditch-water.) Accidental fragments of verse are few and to be regretted: the Post-Communion for Time of Earthquake is interesting, but we wish it did not contain "superno munere firma"; cf. P. for 12th Sunday after Pentecost's *spes unica mundi*: however, these lapses into scansion are accidental and very rare. But the fact that the Missal does not "scan" forbids to us one avenue of approach to the topic of its music.

Secondly, the Missal, by its very nature, must go straight to an idea, whereas a secular poet, like Vergil or any other, can occupy himself with descriptions, metaphors and so forth. The Missal can and does "describe," and uses many metaphors, but they naturally have to do with states of the soul, and of the soul before *God*, or with God and our Lord Themselves—thus, we are bowed down with the weight of our sins: the ground is slippery, and we can hardly stand upright: God, and our Lord, come into the world as Light, and this supplies the Missal with opportunities for some of its grandest imagery, and so does the Holy Spirit. But you cannot expect it to describe a sunset, or a pestilence even when it is praying against one; nor will it seek metaphors for the buzzing of bees or even for crowds, even when it assumes that crowds are there and very vocal. On the other hand, it is able to work out scriptural metaphors, in unusual prayers, no doubt, like that after the 8th prophecy for Holy Saturday: but in the prayer after the 9th prophecy it reverts to what is really more congenial to it, and seeks parallels or types from the Old Testament rather than parables, even, taken from the New.

Since, then, the Missal is in prose, you will expect, if it is good (though, or because, unconscious) *art*, that its assonances and other literary methods will be delicate even though

not elusive. You will prefer not to find accurate reproductions of sounds, and we recall that even Vergil, if he repeats a sound, will constantly use it in an unstressed syllable after using it in a stressed one. Nor are you likely to find "onomatopoeism"! You can reproduce the "moan of doves" by a combination of letters, but hardly the sigh of a *soul*. Yet, to our taste, that *sort* of thing is hinted at in the most remarkable Prayer for the Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany. Anticipating, we quote it here.

"Vota, quaesumus Domine, supplicantis populi caelesti pietate prosequere: ut et quae agenda sunt videant; et ad implenda quae viderint, convalescant." (With heavenly loving-kindness, prosper, we pray Thee, Lord, Thy suppliant people's prayers, so that they may see what things they ought to do, and find force to accomplish that which they have seen.)

Asking readers to wait a little, before they decide that what we now suggest seems far-fetched or finicky, we note first that the prayer is given a strong send-off by the emphatic V, which reappears, triply reinforced, towards, and at, the end: that the following *o* repeats itself sonorously in "Domine," "populi," "prosequere," and then it too disappears till "convalescant": that there is a cluster of *p.s* which also finds a final echo in "implenda": and that in the part of the sentence in which sounds different on the whole, and quite a different rhythm are used, a new *sort* of assonance is also used—"quae agenda sunt": "implenda quae": that the first of the two *quae.s* is stressed and the second not, which relieves the group of words from mere repetition just as *videant—viderint* does: and finally, which is what we began by noticing—the "colouring," which had been richer to start with, and then became dimmer in the midmost of the prayer, is suddenly and tremendously strengthened in *convalescant*. A real pulling together of one's *force*; just the invigoration for which we are asking!

Lastly, we acknowledge that we are very ignorant about the liturgical chant; but after all, the chant is not involved in what we are speaking of, which is the actual structure and disposition of words, though certainly also the rhythm formed by and within, chiefly, the Collects (also, of course, the Prefaces). The earlier Masses must always, or normally, have been sung. But the Collects presumably were chanted throughout on one note save at the end of clauses, and slowly

at that (at the best of times, it must have been impossible to talk Latin very fast *and* well: of course, colloquially, words will have been broken down to some extent: we, too, and N. Americans, often clip our words down almost into monosyllables, though our languages are not rich and weighted ones like Latin): but this will have been far from effacing the interior beauties of a sentence, especially of the short lapidary sentences of which most of the Collects are composed, or even of those rolling periods of rhetoric such as the Prayer for the Living and the Dead, which, though long, are magnificently balanced. In short, the chant can subserve the sense admirably, and do so by revealing still better the rhythm of the words; and the more conscious we are of that rhythm, the better we shall appreciate the sense: but we do not, I suppose, so venerate the chant as to dream of subordinating either words or sense to it.¹

We certainly cannot, as we said, expect the Missal to have a game with its words, as Vergil sometimes did. All the same, it was conscious of its words and enjoyed certain arrangements of them, especially when it wanted to convey a sort of ascending, and finally cumulative idea. Thus: "Congregata restaures, restaurata conservas" (Last Prayer; Thursday after 2nd Sunday in Lent): "Conlapsa reparas, reparata conservas" (6th Prayer in the Pentecost Prophecies): "Errata corrigis, et dispersa congregas, et congregata conservas" (Prayer in the Mass against Schism): "Qui nos et castigando sanas, et ignoscendo conservas" (Post-Communion of the Mass against storms): "(dona tua) percipiendo requirant, et quaerendo sine fine percipiant" (Last Prayer, Saturday after Ash Wednesday, and Post-Communion of Septuagesima Sunday): "Quae sunt bona nutrias, ac, pietatis studio, quae sunt nutrita custodias" (Prayer 6th Sunday after Pentecost).

Take these sentences one by one. "Congregata, etc." The

¹ There is one point that I feel sure I have not grasped properly. We are told that the rhythm of language is "melody," and not due to stress; that the voice is not a percussional instrument, not a piano, but a "violin." Doubt has even been thrown on Latin's having been a stress-language. But it *was*, as English is, and as Greek was not and Welsh is not! Or rather, all, surely, use both pitch and stress, though the one predominates here, the other there. We cannot begin to understand the changes that Latin passed through, in classical or pre-classical times, and since, save because of stress, and indeed an exceptionally heavy one. And, as Latin reverted to its truer earlier self, I presume the stress became actually heavier than it had been. If one reads in quick succession a passage from Homer and then Vergil, from Sappho and then Horace, and then an Ambrosian hymn or indeed the Te Deum or the Athanasian Creed, the differences in quality at once reveal themselves, and they are thrown into hopeless confusion if the essential differences between Greek and classical and post-classical Latin be slurred.

first syllable, *con*, stressed, is echoed in the last word, where it is unstressed : and the first syllables of the second and third words are saved from absolute identity by difference in stress : save in this sort of sentence, the two *ata.s* might make almost too much of a rhyme : to me, the change of "colour" from *o* to *au* and *a* and back again to *o*, is very beautiful. "Conlapsa, etc." We have written *con-lapsa*, as it would have been written by a "classical" writer : perhaps this was illegitimate : it makes the repetition too visible : still, I expect that the sound would not have been merely *coll*, nor, in *conservas*, merely *cons*, but that in each case the *o* would have been somewhat nasalized, the *n* practically disappearing as a separate letter. Here, again, there is some "rhyme," rather lightened by the short syllables in *reparata* ; but admire the triple sentence that follows ! *Errata* will be echoed by *congregata* : the *r.s* roll throughout the sentence ; the *i.s* and indeed the repeated *i.s* in *corrigis* and *dispersa* prevent too much heavy vowel-colouring, and *dispersa* gets its separate echo in *conservas*, and *corrigis* in *congregata*. Altogether an astonishing phrase, especially if you read it with due stress-emphases. Next, observe "castigando," "ignoscendo." The assonance *-ando*, *-endo* is obvious ; but not so immediately obvious, perhaps, the echo of the *c.s*, and of the little sound *ig* nor the echo of the *s.s*. In "percipiendo requirant, et quaerendo sine fine percipient," we have a lighter ending (it is interesting to see how often the word *conservare* recurs in this sort of sentence) ; had *percipient* stood alone it might have been *too* light : as it is, "sine fine," which breaks the mechanical balance of the line, strengthens it, and its two *i.s*, of which the former was probably pronounced almost, if not fully, like the second, re-introduce the *i* of *requirant* in a very happy way. Finally, the writer of the last sentence quoted could quite well have left out "ac pietatis studio," but, apart from carrying on the idea of the prayer, which is, to ask God for the implanting in our hearts a love for Him and an increase of the spirit of religion, both of which require fostering by the practice of piety, it sufficiently introduces the letter *p*, frequently used elsewhere in this prayer which is so lavish with its *t.s*—no less than 19 of them in this short collect, together with 4 *d.s* ! Moreover, *studio* and *custodias* make a very pleasant echo.¹

¹ The phrase is slightly elliptical. "Protect, by the practice of piety, what Thou hast nourished," would naturally imply that the subject of "protect" was the one who practised the piety. But it is we who are to practise it ! It means, then, protect us by making us practise piety. And, indeed, it is God who brings about in us both "the will and the work."

Now take a complete prayer, "Mundet et muniat," the Post-Communion for the Invocation of the Prayers of All the Saints. We omit the catalogue of names in the middle, for it is but a catalogue and allows of the introduction of other names, and so cannot profess to be rhythmic throughout.

"Mundet et muniat nos divini sacramenti munus oblatum, et . . . a cunctis nos reddat et perversitatibus expiatis, et adversitatibus expeditos." (May the gift of the divine Sacrament that we offer both cleanse us and defend us, and cause us to become both purged from our perversities, and freed from all adversities.)

It is easy to see the structure of the first phrase—*mu* four times repeated, no less, and so skilfully divided by the sharp *i.s* of *divini sacramenti*; and here, too, alone do we find the edged *k* and the rolling *r*. No one can fail to be conscious of the extraordinary contrast between the long booming *mu*—better than "booming," because after all *b* is explosive, and *m* is made with closed lips and can actually be hummed—and the keen piercing point of those *i.s*! In the closing phrase, "a cunctis nos" cannot be said to be otiose, because *cunctis* so satisfactorily picks up *sanctis* immediately before it; and thereupon you reach the tremendous assonances of the last four words; nor, I hope, is it fanciful to see a very special value in the change from *expiatis* to *expeditos*—another long *a* would be really overdoing it; and yet the added *d* in the middle of *expeditos* gives to the word that solidity which was so much preferred at the end of a sentence.

The Prayer for the First Sunday in Advent is as follows :

"Excita, quaesumus Domine, potentiam tuam et veni : ut ab imminetibus peccatorum nostrorum periculis, te mereamur protegente eripi, te liberante salvari." (Awake, we pray Thee, Lord, Thy power, and come—that from the looming perils due to our sins, we may be by Thy protection rescued, by Thy deliverance saved.)

We do not think that the opening clause of such a Prayer is organically connected (from this special point of view) with what follows : hence we make no attempt to indicate the art displayed or rather hinted in the first group of words : but in the rest of the prayer, we notice at once the frequent use of *p* ; and the skill with which the long syllables of "peccatorum nostrorum," with their *a.s* and *o.s*, are placed between the

quite differently coloured words "imminentibus" and "periculis"; and in the double phrase with which the prayer is concluded, the strong basic *te* gives us our first lead; then *protegente*, *liberante*, with their coincidences and changes, and the same for *eripi* and *salvari*. And there seems to me a great value in the insertion of *mereamur*. Suppose we had: *eripi-amur*, *salvemur*—we should still have kept the consolidating long *a*; but surely the whole rhythm would have been impoverished; the line mounts like a wave on *mereamur*, and then falls with a double crash upon the shore.

The Prayer "for the Remission of Sins" is surprisingly full of the letter *p*; it recurs 13 times in the 8 lines which that prayer occupies in our missal: add one *b*, and the transition in *quantumvis* from *m* to *v* which is difficult to make without some sort of labial (just as the Latins could not say *emtum* but had to write *emptum*; later, in manuscripts we find *sompnum*, *sollempnia*: even *m-n* appears to have been difficult; and we find Tom's son sufficiently awkward to cause us to write Thompson). It is, perhaps, strange that the preceding Collect, asking for the gift of Tears, though rather longer no doubt—10 lines—contains that letter 9 times. The letter *m*, it is agreed, especially if combined with *u*, was felt suitable for melancholy; you could, in short, moan it; we do not like to call *p* petulant or pouting; but somehow in these prayers it does suggest something deplorable. On the other hand, the Prayer for Tears is striking by its midway accumulation of the sharp *c* and the hard *d*: "qui fontem viventis aquae de petra produxisti, educ de cordis nostri duritia lacrimas compunctionis, ut peccata, etc." Then it returns to *p*, *v*; *r*, and *m*, with a double *c* at the very end for echo.

We may now take a few sentences in isolation. The Post-Communion "for those in Trial or Temptation": "Purificent nos . . . sacramenta quae sumpsimus, et famulos tuos ab omni culpa liberos esse concede: ut qui conscientiae reatu constringuntur, caelestis remedii plenitudine gloriantur." (May the Sacrament that we have received cleanse us; and grant to Thy servants freedom from all fault; so that they who are enchained by the accusations of their conscience, may glory in the fullness of their heavenly healing. Through . . .)

We notice at once the repetitions *conc* . . ., *consc* . . ., *constr* . . ., and may even think that that is rather overdone: but the *k* pursues itself throughout the Prayer: eleven times! The *p* begins the prayer, recurs dimly in "sumpsimus" but

strongly in "culpa," and very finely in "plenitudine" at the end. I think, too, that the solitary stressed long *a* in "reatu" has its significance; and "glorientur" is very grand after the three *o*-less words.

The Post-Communion of the Prayers for Purity begins sonorously, with the actual repetition of a word, which seems to us less artistic: "Domine, adiutor et protector noster, adiuva nos, et refloreat cor et caro nostra vigore pudicitiae et castimoniae novitate. . ." (O God, our helper and protector, help us, and may our heart and our flesh flower afresh with vigorous purity and chastity renewed. . .)¹

It would be tedious to print more such examples, though we have collected many. We will refer, therefore, to a few more instances only. The Prayers for Sundays after Pentecost are of exceptional depth of thought and extreme felicity of phrasing. That for the 2nd Sunday contains no less than 16 *t.s* (and 2 *d.s*), and yet so perfect is its balance, so rich and pure its assonances, that there is no hint of "tittle-tattle," so to say, about it: these are formed by the succession of words like *nominis, timorem, amorem; perpetuum, numquam, tua, gubernatione*, one after the other, *u* not having been so far used; "numquam tua gubernatione destituis, quos in soliditate tuae dilectionis instituis." (Thou dost never deprive of Thy governance them Thou dost establish on a solid love for Thee.) We can never expect to better the Prayer for the 3rd Sunday—"Protector in Te sperantium." It is one of the few that lends itself to translation, though we shall say, below, why the Missal can never be properly translated. "Protector of them that hope in Thee, O God, without whom nothing is strong, nothing holy, multiply upon us Thy mercy, that with Thee to govern us, Thee to guide, we may so pass through the good things of time, as not to lose those that are eternal." Place, however, beside it the Prayer for the 10th Sunday after Pentecost. "Deus qui omnipotentiam tuam parcendo maxime et miserando manifestas, multiplica super nos misericordiam

¹ May we add two notes on other points. It is pleasant to see that the Missal adopts what we think the better interpretation of Romans viii, 28. "We know that for them that love God, God maketh all things to work together for good." Not "neuter": "that all things work together. . ." So, the Prayer for obtaining Charity. In the Offertory Prayer for Humility, we ask that we may "live soberly, righteously, and piously." Surely this must be the origin of the Anglican expression in the Prayer Book "General Confession"—"a godly, righteous and sober life." Unless it occurs elsewhere in the Missal, which we have not noticed, it seems a surprising source from which to have drawn it.

tuam ; ut ad tua promissa currentes, caelestium bonorum facias esse consortes"—studying the collocation of *m.s.*, *p.s.*, and finally *c.s.*—just prepared for in *parcendo* and *multiplica* ; and see how the magnificent *o.s.* deepen the whole. "O God who dost manifest Thine omnipotence most chiefly in sparing and in pitying, multiply upon us Thy mercy, that Thou wouldst cause us, speeding towards Thy promises, to win our share in heavenly good things." And the 4th Sunday after Easter : "Deus, qui fidelium mentes unius efficis voluntatis, da populis tuis id amare quod praecipis, id desiderare quod promittis, ut inter mundanas varietates ibi nostra fixa sint corda, ubi vera sunt gaudia." (God, who dost cause the minds [hearts, should *we* say ?] of the Faithful to be but of a single will, grant to Thy peoples that only to love which Thou dost command, that only to desire which Thou dost promise, so that amid the changes of this world our hearts may there be fixed where true joys are.) The emphasis is wholly on will—love—desire ; the heart, joy—so that we do not think the opening phrase means "make them to think and will the same," but that *mentes* means that interior source of life which the Roman readily saw flowing straight into an act of choice rather than of reflection. But how superb are the assonances—*amare*, *desiderare*, *praecipis*, *promittis* ; and the grand send-off given by the repeated *id* ; already a suggestion of why this Latin is untranslatable ! It could give tremendous emphasis, and rhythm, just by shifting a tiny word like that to the beginning of a sentence. English runs a certain risk even by so shifting it ; but short of italicizing we cannot get the equivalent emphasis, and have to insert "only" : even the ending of the Collect, so adequate in Latin, was expanded by Cranmer (or Cosins ?) into "that among all the changes and chances of this world, our hearts may ever there be fixed where true joys are to be found." Magnificent as English—but how many more words must he use !

We might compare the Collect for the 5th Sunday after Pentecost, less sonorous, but using the same ideas and even some of the words. Admire the prayer for the 8th Sunday after Pentecost, "Largire nobis . . . semper spiritum cogitandi quae recta sunt, propitius et agendi, ut qui sine te esse non possumus, secundum te vivere valeamus." (Lavish upon us the spirit of ever thinking what is right, and, in Thy goodness, of accomplishing it, that we, who without Thee cannot

exist, may find strength to live according to [Thy good pleasure]. [One *has* somehow thus to consolidate the end !]) But especially see how the assonances are not mere repetitions, whether in sound or in stress—*propitius* saves *cogitandi, agendi* from being too rhythmically parallel; and note how closely the two parts of the last clause are interknit—*esse; possumus; vivere, valeamus*—how well *secundum te* begins to enrich the little *sine te*; and how the *v.s* and the long syllables do the same for the sibilants that precede it. We would like to quote many more Collects (especially the perfect one for the 11th Sunday after Pentecost) but confine ourselves to that of the 14th. “Custodi, Domine, quaesumus, Ecclesiam tuam propitiatione perpetua; et quia sine te labitur humana mortalitas, tuis semper auxiliis et abstrahatur a noxiis, et ad salutaria dirigatur.” (With Thine unending graciousness guard Thou Thy Church, O Lord; and since, apart from Thee, our mortal manhood stands not [deplorable ! but what would you ? Slips ? trivial. Totters ? petty. Cannot keep its foothold ? All that for three syllables ! “will fail and falter”—perhaps : but is it legitimate as a translation ?], ever by Thy help do Thou both withdraw him from all harm, and direct him towards what heals.) Any ear catches at once the masculine call of the long *a.s*; and how the *o.s* are “pure” at the outset, but afterwards, while they indeed sufficiently recur, are veiled, as it were, by the following *τ* and *κ* !

We have to sacrifice everything connected with the Prefaces—how does that for Sunday succeed in combining theology with music !—because, *dulcedine capti*, fascinated by this theme, we have spent too long upon it already. Or is “sweetness” the word ? Not rather *maiestate* ? enthralled by a melody so majestic ? Perhaps ! But all the same, we cannot but have failed. We have never wanted to write very learned books; in fact, we have consistently failed when trying to write as simply as we wished. So this article is far from professing to be erudite, or for “specialists” ! But we *would* have liked to convey, in our translations, some echo of the music of the Missal ! Yet, as we said, English needs half a dozen words for the Latin one : ours are so often tiny, tinkling, if not dead—our final syllables, where you can’t even guess what vowel has vanished—blossom ; heaven . . . ! Our words, assonant, if at all, not because of their interior formation (contrast Latin case-endings), but because of their general shape—uproarious, glorious ; not but what English *can* be

written, as by Sir Thomas Browne, under the influence of Latin, sonorously and majestically. And the Tempest, iv, 1 : with its cloud-capp'd towers, almost without help from Latin ! But it remains that we don't know how to do it. All the more then we were trusting to write for those who have at least a little knowledge of Latin ; then they can do without translations, and enjoy both listening to its beauties, and singing them—for the better the people appreciate, at least in the rough, the rhythm and the "colour" of, say, the Gloria, the better they will understand it, and with the more conviction sing it—and really, we do not demand from the People (who should do nine-tenths of the singing, if not all) any very great delicacy of song : we are glad that they should make a "joyful noise before the Lord," but, for heaven's sake and their own, let them make *that* ! "With the People's mighty voices may these halls resound !" May they indeed ! Poor Deacon—all too optimist so far, I fear ! But, thanks to the Society of St. Gregory, among others, his prayer is yearly nearer to its answer.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

Virgo Prudentissima

S HARER of God's deep counsels, crownéd Queen
 Of all His works, and graced more lovely-bright
 E'en than that dawn-star fallen to endless night,
 How prudent wert thou, Child in heart and mien,
 So close the secret of thy King to screen
 Within thy musing breast, and on a height,
 So lofty and so lone to walk aright,
 With mind as clear as thy young heart was clean.

Most Prudent, who didst count the earth as dross
 For worship of the Babe upon thy knees,
 And welcomed woes as boundless as the seas
 For worship of thy Christ upon the Cross.
 May we too give our all, nor deem it loss
 To purchase pearls of so great price as these !

J.K.

NATURE NOTES

VII

THE CLIFFS

WHILE the sea grumbled at the foot of the cliffs, the voices of hundreds of birds rose in medley, wail of gull, happy *jaak* of daw, distant but unmistakable *kronk* of raven, even the metallic *phist phist* of a rock-pipit nesting in some sea-touched crevice. They came and went endlessly, weaving white and black patterns in the salt air. Demure and dainty-looking but voracious kittiwakes drifted along the crags, visiting their mates on cunningly built nests plastered in the most unpromising sites, yet proof against any storm. Now and then breaking into a catlike lament or a more strident *hoh hoh hoh*, herring gulls, yellow eyes alert, cruised leisurely and watched for an unguarded nest or sign of puffin or guillemot returning from fishing.

Unexpected, a group of rock doves flighted out from the caves and circled over the water or wheeled high about the headlands, white rumps and underwings flashing as they turned. They were pretty birds in flight, and prettier still at rest, languidly raising a blue-grey wing as they basked in the sun. Their heads were neat and finely moulded and on the necks were glossy patches of lilac and green. Somehow they seemed alien to the sea, yet were quite at home there, building nests of seaweed and grass on ledges of the deep caves into which the tide ran with a queer voice. The domestic "blue rock" is descended from the rock dove, and sometimes wild birds will lure one from farmyard or dovecote.

While the doves circled, I saw a chough for the first time. With his lovely buoyant flight and long curved beak, he was unmistakable. Momentarily the sun charged his glossy black mantle with metallic blue. Curving and twisting with flight-feathers outspread, he swept round gracefully, keeping apart from the crowd, as if aware that he was one of a dying race. Then, wings half-closed, he suddenly descended towards the hissing surf, checked himself at the last moment and swept into a cave. With his red bill, his legs of red coral, his jet plumage, the chough is a beautiful bird; his race still lingers,

ousted from the cliffs by the ubiquitous jackdaw and persecuted by the rapacious egg-collector.

Far above the caves, the dull grass-covered (the grass was more like lichen) slopes of the cliff-top were riddled with a number of burrows about which grew cinquefoil and thrift. This was not a perilously situated rabbit-warren, but a puffin-colony. Many of the occupants stood gravely outside, staring fixedly into space. Queer plump little birds, twelve inches or so tall, they stood rigidly and solemnly there, like white-aproned shopkeepers taking advantage of a slack period to watch the world go by. His solemn mien and swollen beak, gaily striped with blue and orange and vermilion, have earned the puffin many nicknames: Sea Parrot, Pope, Bottlenosed Troup, Tommy Noddie, Coulterneb. But though he is a target for human wit, he is a business-like and lovely little auk and his, to us, comical "neb" is extremely serviceable for gripping fish.

Unlike the restless gulls, the puffins flew only when strictly necessary. Life was too dangerous amongst all those pirates for flying to be a pleasure. When the time came, they would half shuffle, half waddle down the slope on orange feet and as soon as the short brown wings quivered into action, they lost any touch of the grotesque they might have shown as they stood outside the burrows. Down they would speed obliquely, feet stretched out alongside their tails for balance, and when close to the sea, would change course and fly out horizontally for half a mile or so to join the other puffins and the less numerous guillemots and razorbills bobbing on the water.

Every now and then they returned to the burrows, fish visible in their beaks. A brief parley with the guardian of each particular home, and the fisher was allowed to waddle into the darkness to silence the pipings of his fledgeling. Usually the guardian remained outside, deep-set eyes watching the sky, or sometimes, taking advantage of its mate's return, would go off to do some fishing for itself.

The puffins had good reason to be alert. Herring gulls were unscrupulous enough, but one of the headlands was also the home of a pair of great black-backed gulls, well named "corpse-eaters." Often a fierce cry of *agh agh agh* set all the puffins stiff-backed and apprehensive, especially when the cry was followed by the appearance of one of the gulls itself, sailing gracefully on wings that must have spanned five feet

at least. Vast and beautiful, these gulls sailed lightly in spite of their bulk, cruel heads turning slowly as they examined the teeming life of the cliffs, hooked beaks and yellow, inflamed eyes, more like those of hawks than of sea birds.

Indignation reached its height when one of the "corpse-eaters" landed near the little colony and calmly looked about him: a deep growling cry of *arrrr* expressed the feelings of the puffins. Some discreetly retreated within the burrows; others staunchly held their ground, hoping for the best. Many puffin corpses, intestines ripped out by fierce beaks, could already be found on the shale under the cliffs.

But despite the ever-present threat of the gulls, the puffins still had time and inclination to bicker amongst themselves: when the black-back had sailed off, a violent quarrel began between two householders, evidently over some slight trespass. Holding each other by the beak, they shook themselves like terriers, and like terriers, too, they growled as they fought, while the rest of the colony growled encouragement. Then the combatants fell apart, gazed at each other as if uncertain whether to continue the struggle, and finally waddled off with indignation.

Bobod.

VIII

THE NIGHT-WATCH

Down in the chalk valleys the lights were disappearing. The villages were sleeping. Up on the hill-side the shepherd's work was beginning. For weeks now the old man will be isolated during the lambing of the flock, his only company the anxious ewes, his Welsh collie, the hare and the skulking fox. Now and then he will be able to walk down to his cottage in the hollow for a while, but February will have turned before he sleeps in it again. During these long nights his home is a corrugated iron wheeled hut, his bed a few sacks of meal.

The material reward for this labour and discomfort is not much: but pride in his work, love for his charges, are no small part of his recompense. If ever a man was proud of his work and happy in it, the shepherd is. He is a craftsman, and his work is his life. What makes him seem different from other workers? Is it the romantic associations which we connect with the task? Or is it, perhaps, that the work has a

mellowing influence on men that follow it? Long hours of loneliness on the placid Downs have a tranquillizing effect: they make a man meditative, and constant contact with the sheep who depend on him so much will make him gentle.

Something had disturbed the ewes when I walked up the old beech track to join the shepherd under the starlight: they answered each other's tremulous bleatings, primordial fears aroused by the coming of night, so that the collie shivering outside the pen became a wolf again.

Within the straw-thatched hurdles the shepherd made his rounds, his lantern bobbing here and there, a glow-worm in the hedgerow of the night, his grotesque shadow stalking him but never catching up. It was not merely imagination that made the ewes seem to grow calmer as he spoke to them.

He talked to the collie, too, in queer birdlike tones, to keep him quiet lest, losing patience at not being allowed to accompany his idolized master, he should enter a pen, where the ewes might attack him in the misguided desperation that often turns the sheep into a bold animal.

The old man plodded across the straw-strewn pen. For the time being all was well. He could snatch an hour's rest before the firstborn of the flock arrived. He clambered into the hut—cluttered with sacks and paint-pots, a small medicine chest, crook and bottles—cut bread and cheese and took a huge golden onion from a string. With his Wessex drawl, which sometimes rose comically in a note of complaint as he emphasized a point, his quiet eyes and Newgate fringe, his powerful nose, his smooth cheeks tanned a light mahogany by sun and wind and rain, he was such a man as Hardy might have taken for model—and presently, when he stoked the little stove and the atmosphere became increasingly stuffy, I thought of Gabriel Oak in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and how he was nearly suffocated one lambing night. Here was another Oak, grown into vigorous and proud old age.

An hour or so later he rose from his couch of sacks, donned his cape and apron of hessian, and went out into the starry night. Here and there a low, protesting bleat and the stir of an anxious body in the straw emphasized the silence of the Downs, a silence so profound that it could be felt and heard. Unconsciously the mind would not credit such a silence, and listened for something beneath its surface.

The old man's voice, soothing, inquiring, came out of the darkness. The bobbing light halted and was lowered. Pre-

sently it rose again, and the shepherd approached, in his arms a dim two-headed bundle—all legs—which in a few days would be kicking and gambolling in the winter-grass: the firstborn of the flock, and twins at that. By his side the mother moved slowly.

"Look yur," he announced triumphantly, "thur's a good sign. The firstborn is twinses: idden that a propitious sign? They bin born nigh an hour—that's bad shepherden: sleepen while my ship's labouren. D'you know what the Book says about such goings-on? It says: 'Woe to the idle shepherd that leaveth his flock: his arm shall be clean dried up and his right eye shall be utterly darkened.' I read that out in church last wik from the lectern, and parson told me I'd got a good strong delivery. Terrible hard words, but just. Howbe," he went on drolly, straightening up from settling the new family in one of the hurdlecoops, "I don't feel no dryen up in my right arm nor my left—though the dratted mugwort'll get me in summer again."

He went back across the pen, shaking his head with pleasure as he meditated on that propitious sign. When he returned he had another "sign"—a jet-black lamb. This time no ewe trotted trustingly by him; the mother was dead. He took the newborn into the hut and rubbed it down with a wisp of hay, then prepared the bottle that the orphan would have to be content with until a foster-mother was found.

"A blessen that black veller didden come first, zno?" he confided as he coaxed the lamb. "I don't like bad signs. If you start well you end well, and those twinses was a good start for the flock."

He bedded the lamb in a box of straw and stood up.

"We all likes to be comforted, we're that weak," he added shrewdly, "and there's more folk about believes in signs than 'ood care to admit it."

His weather-blue eyes twinkled as he took up his lantern. He liked to indulge in his signs and portents, and half the fun was in making other people believe he meant it all.

He stood under the starlight among his ewes, watching the sky and sniffing the wind that came bluffing over the wiry turf of the Downs. Then he plodded off on his rounds.

Compton Chamberlayne.

ALAN JENKINS.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE WAR

MORE than once in past years, when speaking or writing of Spiritualism, I have made reference to the Tichborne case as an illustration of the unreliability of the information which professes to come through mediums or automatists from denizens in the world beyond. In those spacious Victorian days when nothing more agitating than a *cause célèbre* was available to fill the newspapers and become the topic of universal discussion, the identity of the Claimant provided a grand opportunity for the spirits to prove their superior knowledge of things about which ordinary mortals were baffled owing to the lack of adequate evidence. If it were not Roger Tichborne who was pleading his cause in the court of Mr. Justice Cockburn at Westminster, the true Roger ought to have been in the next world and easily identifiable by the discarnate intelligences he lived amongst. Moreover, there was Arthur Orton, concerning whom many dead people must have known a good deal. At that date the most widely circulated among the Spiritualist newspapers was *The Medium and Daybreak*, and many letters were addressed to the editor by correspondents who claimed to have received direct information about the topic of the hour from their controls or communicators in the spheres. Unfortunately, opinions were divided. One party declared quite positively that the Claimant was the man, but the rest, upon equally sound discarnate authority, denied it. The editor published some of the letters, but in the end, as they multiplied and remained evenly balanced pro and con, he frankly admitted the disagreement and refused to print anything more upon the subject. It will be noticed that the disputed point in this case was one of past historical fact, a fact by no means so remote in date as to be beyond the memory of Roger's contemporaries, many of them still living. One would have said that if the spirits in the other world were capable of conveying exact information about anything, they would have been able to speak with certainty here.

The problem which, during the last twelve months, has claimed a good deal of notice in all the Spiritualist journals is of a very different character. It concerned what was then

the future, *i.e.*, the question whether, in the course of 1939, open hostilities would break out between England and Germany. In the opinion of practically all the leaders of so-called occult science, Spiritualists, astrologers and such like, the more trusted controls who brought messages from the etheric possessed the gift of prevision, or at any rate handed on the inspired thought of those who did possess that gift. In the previous crisis of September, 1938, the majority of mediums proclaimed that war would be avoided; and so, in fact, it proved, but only at the last moment, owing to Mr. Chamberlain's splendid effort, which resulted in the Munich agreement.

No doubt this success encouraged persistence in the same line of thought. Without in the least accusing the mediums concerned of conscious insincerity, for after sixty years of investigation we still know little or nothing of the process by which such impressions are received and find utterance, there was an even stronger consensus of opinion, in what we may call the psychic world, when we were faced with the crisis which confronted us in the autumn of the present year. War, it was declared by a large number of the most gifted and reliable mediums, was not to be feared for the present, and, indeed, many of them assured us that it would not come at all. It was, perhaps, natural that devoted adherents of the cult should trust this prediction implicitly. What cannot, I think, be denied by anyone who makes an impartial examination of the evidence, is that in the case of the better class of psychics a multitude of facts, mostly trivial or personal in their nature, are habitually disclosed by them, with regard to their knowledge, of which no acceptable explanation—trickery, telepathy, cryptesthesia, a cosmic reservoir of memory, etc.—seems to be available. It is natural also that the many contradictions, errors and failures, especially when some question of importance (*e.g.*, reincarnation) is raised, should be ignored or forgotten. But however we explain or excuse it, there can be no doubt that down to the end of last August the Spiritualistic journals and many individuals who believed themselves to be in communication with unseen powers, were persuaded that the political clouds, which, as day succeeded day, grew continually more threatening, would be dispersed and that no war would eventuate. That Spiritualists as a body identified themselves with this prediction is beyond dispute. In *Light*, the most sober of the organs of the cult, Mr. W. H.

Evans, a prominent contributor, writing in the week after the outbreak of hostilities, declares :

There will be many heart-searchings amongst Spiritualists at the failure of the prophecies that there would be no war. The unanimity of the controls has been such that one felt war would be impossible. With a few exceptions we were assured that there would be no war. [He adds] I have heard some say : "If war comes I will never believe in Spiritualism again." That is an entirely illogical attitude. We do not condemn the science of mathematics because a mathematician makes a mistake. We allow for the possibility of error.

I must confess that logic does not seem to me here to be on the side of Mr. Evans. It is not a question of one mathematician making a mistake, but of a score or more of mathematicians all independently making the same mistake. Consideration also must be had for the gravity of the issue. We are not inquiring here whether somebody's grandfather was called Dick or Tom, wore Wellington boots or patent leathers, or whether his portrait was hung over the fireplace or on the opposite wall—this is the type of question which is often successfully answered by our best mediums. The anxiety which has filled the hearts of all Englishmen, and of the peoples of countless other nations, was to know whether the world would be plunged into a war in which millions of human lives were bound to be sacrificed. And to assuage that anguish of doubt, the marvellously gifted spirits, if we are to believe mediums of the highest credit, reply in concert : "There is no cause for fear; war will not come." Neither was there any suggestion that they themselves were in doubt or were capable of being deceived.

The editor of *Light*, Mr. G. H. Lethem, speaks rather more guardedly than his colleague, but he says in the same issue :

During the past year, *Light* has published many messages, purporting to come from observers on the Other Side, in which assurances were given, more or less emphatic, that there would be "no European War," or that there would be "no Great War," or that there would be "no war for England." We have also, from time to time, quoted predictions based on astrological calculations, most of which seemed to confirm the mediumistic messages. We told our readers that these messages and

predictions gave grounds for hoping and even believing, that Peace would be preserved. . . As events have proved, our hopes have been disappointed. War has come to Europe; there is war for England, and all the signs point to its being a Great War. It is a bitter disappointment, this cannot be denied. But there is no reason to doubt the veracity, or even the existence of the various Communicators from whom the Peace messages purported to come.

Mr. Lethem is also able to refer to one medium, Mrs. Helen Spiers, "who has for months predicted that war would come," and also to an astrologer, Mr. Charles E. Mitchell of Halifax, who, in his book "Foretold by the Stars," declared that war would break out between August, 1939, and March, 1940, though this pronouncement was firmly discredited by a reviewer in another Spiritualist organ, *The Two Worlds*. Certain it is that Spiritualists as a body were definitely committed to the belief, founded on a great number of supposed communications from the Beyond, that the war which threatened would be averted. Even in America a well-known English adherent of the cause broadcast, about a month ago, the announcement that: "The Spiritualists in England, who are about one and a half million in number, all believe that there will be no more war. Spirit friends on the Other Side are constantly bringing us this message." I very much doubt the statement that there are anything like a million and a half Spiritualists in this country,¹ and the fact that the number is limited of those who are active supporters of the movement (as opposed to mere dabblers who occasionally visit a medium or attend a platform demonstration out of curiosity) is, for more than one reason, a source of satisfaction. Prominent leaders like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, quite a long time ago, used to be assured by communicators from the Beyond that in ten years or so all the population would be professing Spiritualism. The prediction has certainly not been fulfilled. If it had, the Spiritualist persuasion

¹ What seems to me conclusive proof of the numerical weakness of Spiritualists in England is a study of their weekly newspapers. Not an advertisement appears in their attenuated pages but of mediumistic services, instruction courses, the paraphernalia used on such occasions, and other things which, practically speaking, concern Spiritualists only. Grocers, furniture dealers, haberdashers, etc., send their advertisements to journals which they know have at least a moderately large circulation. They extend such patronage to papers like the Anglican *Church Times* or the Catholic *Universe*, but not to *Psychic News*. Moreover, from time to time, two at least of these Spiritualist journals make an appeal for contributions to a "sustentation fund."

that no war was imminent would surely have frustrated the unanimous action of all political parties in spending vast sums over our preparations to meet the emergency. We should have been left as naked victims for Hitler to work his will upon. It is lucky indeed that the Spiritualists are neither numerous nor influential among us.

Psychic News, which claims the largest circulation of any Spiritualist newspaper, has spoken with extraordinary frankness of the dismay caused by the shattering of beliefs so widely held. I have dealt with these utterances elsewhere,¹ but I cannot omit to quote a sentence or two from an article on the front page of the journal just named, signed by the editor, Mr. Maurice Barbanell. He begins with the statement: "Spiritualists are facing their blackest week. This is a time when their faith, founded on personal experience, is being strained to the uttermost limits of human endurance. For many months, nearly all the great guides made two definite prophecies. 'There will be no major war in Europe. England will not be involved in war.' " He goes on to point out that "this forecast was not made by one isolated, obscure spirit guide. It was repeated again and again by all those in whom Spiritualists had placed their faith for guidance." In conclusion Mr. Barbanell even says: "It may be that in days to come many of us will have to re-mould part of our philosophy. The belief in the spirit world's ability to forecast may have to be abandoned." Those who know anything of the tone of Mr. Barbanell's contributions for several years past to the periodical which he conducts, or those who have at any time listened to his speeches, will be surprised—indeed, I might say, edified—by the courage with which he admits the magnitude of the set-back to the cause he has so ardently espoused.

To provide yet one further illustration of the tone prevalent in Spiritualist circles in almost the last days of the crisis, I quote from *The Two Worlds*, a Manchester organ of the cult. In the issue for August 18th, we find printed in the most conspicuous type, with a heading in proportionate capitals, the following announcement:

WORLD PEACE NOT TO BE BROKEN

Will there be a World Peace Pact?

While a state of preparedness for war is necessary, and Spiritualists in the main fully endorse the policy of the

¹ See *The Tablet* for September 16, 1939.

Government in their armament programme, yet Spiritualists are in a large measure fully convinced there will be no Great World War. This fact has been given from our platforms during the last twelve months by scores of mediums : but there are still the fearful, not only around us but among us, and this being so (writes the "Londoner"), I make no apology for giving readers of *The Two Worlds* three most assuring messages which I have heard given from our platforms during the last month:

I may note that in the next issue of the same journal two strong protests were made, by no means approving endorsement of the Government policy in their arms programme, but I proceed to quote, by way of specimen, one of the "three most assuring messages" just spoken of. The two others are of the same character and not a whit more convincing. Anyway, one medium, speaking to a small circle in London, stated :

I am in a large hall. There is a long table in the centre, and seated round are representatives of all nations. I see our Prime Minister (Mr. Neville Chamberlain) in the chair; a large Golden Cross is above his head. A document lies on the table in front of him, and one by one each member present comes forward and signs. It is a Peace Pact. The Prime Minister fades away and in his seat appears the radiant form of Jesus, a golden crown upon his head. On either side appear the spirit forms of Buddha and Confucius representing the East. Then Jesus, followed by Buddha and Confucius, walked through the lines of the representatives of the nations, while high up in the hall appeared an angelic choir singing the Hallelujah Chorus.

Interpretation : World Peace Pact, signed with Love for the whole world.

It must be confessed that the acceptance of this and similar communications as if they were evidential and "most reassuring," does not give a high impression of the critical intelligence of the readers of *The Two Worlds*. Neither is there anything very satisfactory in the account printed on the front page of the same paper in its next issue (August 28th), of a message from the late Lord Northcliffe. It is stated that through "Bert," the control of Mrs. Winifred Ellis, a medium

whose name is quite unknown to me, an assurance came in this form: "Northcliffe says: 'tell the people on your side there will be no great war. It gives the spirit world great joy to give you earth people this good news.'"

But my main purpose in the present article is to say something of the communications recorded by a lady, whom a well-known authority in these circles, Dr. F. W. Wood, describes as "the greatest writing medium in our generation." This is Miss Geraldine Cummins, an Irishwoman whose reputation has been mainly achieved by the narratives she has published concerning early Christian history, mostly belonging to the period covered by the Acts of the Apostles. There can be no question that upon those readers who are unfamiliar with the problems of automatic writing these "Scripts of Cleophas," and the supplementary volumes, are likely to make a considerable impression. Miss Cummins tells us herself that it was contrary to all her tastes and inclinations to produce a narrative dealing with the religious history of the first century. She says, for example: "My ignorance is considerable concerning that period. I know neither Greek, Hebrew nor Latin; and my reading is confined to literature of a modern character." In particular she affirms that she has never read a word of the Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles, and that the very name of the Clementines was unknown to her until after her first Cleophas book was in type.¹ There can, I think, be no possible reason to doubt these statements, for Miss Cummins had done other literary work before the Cleophas scripts began, and her friends are familiar with her personal history. Moreover, there is something abnormal about the production of these scripts. The automatist goes into a slight trance and her hand begins to write with a speed which is quite bewildering. Little short of 2,000 words (that is the equivalent of more than four pages of *THE MONTH*) are sometimes written in an hour. Moreover, the literary style maintained in these narratives is excellent and seems altogether superior to anything produced by Miss Cummins in her conscious attempts at original composition. As she herself says:

In the interests of psychology and psychical research,
I have to admit that the production of these Scripts is

¹ See "Concerning the Cleophas Scripts," by Geraldine Cummins, pp. 4 and 7.

quite outside the compass of my conscious creative powers. Day after day, in the presence of witnesses, I have sat for over a month in a country house, far from books, with not even a Bible near me, getting this detailed chronicle with the same abnormal rapidity; the MS. each day being taken away and not read out to me, to avoid the possibility that my subconscious mind might be considered to be building in advance upon it. Yet those who have read the first published instalment will perceive that the narrative maintains an episodic unity.¹

My own impression, derived from a perusal of a good deal of these texts, is that they do not afford much positive material for sceptical criticism. They do not directly conflict with the narrative or the implications of the New Testament. They introduce many new episodes and many new names of which nothing is elsewhere on record. Some of the matter is occasionally extravagant, but not more extravagant than what we find in the apocryphal Acts of St. Thomas, St. Andrew or St. John, not to speak of the Clementines. A small committee of divines, mostly, it seems, Presbyterians, were invited to examine the "Scripts of Cleophas," and we learn that, under the leadership of the late Dr. Lamond, they arrived at the conclusion that: "If the present record be in any wise authentic, it is undoubtedly to be regarded as a most momentous contribution to our knowledge of Apostolic times. It contains much which, on consideration of the life and mentality of the intermediary, Miss Cummins, seems quite inexplicable on the supposition of human authorship."

It may be presumed that these divines knew little or nothing of the supposed "Patience Worth" who, through the lips of the late Mrs. Curran in the United States, dictated whole novels, one at least of them of a scriptural character, and even with a rapidity which exceeds that recorded in Miss Cummins's case. Mrs. Curran was a woman who had no education but what was of a most elementary kind, yet from her lips, or through her hands, flowed correct descriptions of many things which she could not normally have known anything about. The same is probably true of Dr. Wood's "Rosemary"; and, to take an example of a quite different character, Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich, who read nothing, and, according to the testimony of her amanuensis Clement Bren-

¹ "Concerning the Cleophas Scripts," p. 6.

tano, knew extraordinarily little even about the contents of the Gospels, quoted texts with perfect accuracy in her "Revelations," and was never betrayed into any direct contradiction with the New Testament narrative. Thus, in view of the 500,000 words or more recorded in the Cleophas script and its continuations, it is impossible to deny Miss Cummins's claim to be accounted a genuine psychic.

Now this lady, besides these amplifications of New Testament history which have excited so much attention, has also displayed her mediumistic powers in other directions. She professes, in the first place, to have received a number of messages from the late F. W. H. Myers, the famous psychic researcher, author of "Human Personality," and two collections of these have been printed; but, still more recently, other spirits in the Beyond seem to have sought her out in order to impart messages to mankind through her hand. One of these is referred to as "the Politician," whose real name is known to Miss Cummins but not made public. Myers, on March 13, 1938, declared that he had been talking with "the Politician" who told him that "there will be no European war, but bloodshed in Austria," a prediction regarding bloodshed which does not seem to have been justified by any very notable happening occasioned by the *Anschluss*. Again, on May 1, 1938, "the Politician," communicating in person, announced:

Now, through recent diplomacy, Germany has become isolated and in consequence there will be no war. Chamberlain has, I think, saved Europe.

Again, at a sitting on October 10, 1938, another communicator, who is referred to as "the Financier," declared:

By delaying and delaying the apparently inevitable war, she [England] gives the revolting party in Germany a chance to become strong—so strong that, eventually, they turn on the present regime and attack it openly. I think, therefore, that a great war can and will be averted. But you go dangerously near it, and only the strength of your armaments will prevent its outbreak.

On October 16, 1938, "the Financier" came again and spoke more positively:

Now as to the future. At the present time, if Germany fought the Allies she would not be able to maintain a war for more than a month. The reason for this is that she

is nearly bankrupt. . . No, during the next eighteen months, Germany is in no position to go to war—only the madness of a greater fear, fear of a revolution within, would goad her rulers into starting a European war. . . Peace for the next eighteen months. Let that be your motto. I cannot see further than that period.

The same guide, "the Financier," reiterated his forecast in rather more positive terms on January 25, 1939.

I have told you before and I repeat it again, there is to be no war during the next few years. I cannot see further. There is to be no European war in which many countries will be involved. You will hear of riots and you will hear of horrible deeds committed in Spain, and in March nations will be faced with a serious crisis. The majority of people will believe that war is inevitable. This belief is entirely mistaken.

Later on that same day (January 25th) another communicator gave this encouraging message :

Be of good cheer ! In this year ye pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death but come through unscathed. Peace, hardly retained, will be retained in the coming year and the year after this one.

On July 23, 1939, "the Financier" committed himself still more positively in the following terms :

Hitler and Mussolini have been making very complete preparations for war in connexion with the Mediterranean and Danzig. But it is the greatest bluff of all. *They won't fight*, but most people will believe they are going to fight in September—possibly. *Remember, no war.*

The italics appear in the script ; but the same communicator certainly seemed to weaken when, on August 22nd, the day of the surprise announcement concerning the Russo-German pact, he wrote again : "England, France and Poland do not fight the Axis Powers. . . I think the tide is turning."

All these messages were collected, about mid-August, in a booklet called "The European Crises," for which Miss E. B. Gibbes, Miss Cummins's friend and secretary, furnished a commentary.¹ Miss Gibbes is apparently much impressed

¹ The last message only appears in a second and later edition of the "Crises."

by the intuition shown by the communicators in respect of the events which have occurred during the two years previous to the declaration of war. I confess I find many mistakes in the record, and no more trace of a gift of prevision than I should expect to meet with in any journalist who kept abreast of contemporary developments. What is certain is that the war has come in spite of the mass of Spiritualistic predictions to the contrary. Further, with this fact before our eyes, I find it impossible to put any faith in those retrospective visions of early Christian history recorded by Miss Cummins which purport to come from Cleophas and other disciples of the period. I admit that they do seem to reflect the spirit of the times. It is even possible that some incidents recorded are veridical, but we do not know how they came into Miss Cummins's subconscious mind. Anne Catherine Emmerich described in great detail a six weeks' visit of our Lord to Cyprus during the period of His public life. It is beyond question that a great deal of what this ignorant Westphalian girl tells us regarding the geography, industries and mythology of the island in the first century is perfectly correct. No explanation seems possible of the source of her information, but few will venture to say that her disclosures are a revelation of heavenly origin and, consequently, have a claim upon anyone's serious belief.

Perhaps one final word may not be out of place. I am not writing hastily or in ignorance. During the past twenty years and more, I have spent, possibly wasted, a great deal of time in examining and comparing the messages which purport to emanate from the other world, but nothing has occurred to alter or relieve my profound distrust of the information so obtained. The accounts furnished of life in the spheres by such communicators as Raymond, Pheneas, Ballou, Claude Bamber, and scores of others, contradict each other at every turn. It is rare enough to find them agreeing about any feature whatsoever. There could be no stronger warning against putting faith in their guidance than the fact that on the one occasion on which they seemed to be unanimous in the information they gave, their conclusions have proved to be definitely wrong.

HERBERT THURSTON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

ROMAN VIGNETTES.

XVIII

THE GRIDIRON SAINT

THERE are some saints who are Roman in a special manner. Whatever the critics have to say of their historical record or the lack of it, their names linger fragrantly among the Catholic traditions of the Eternal City. Sabina, Caecilia, Agnes, Pudenziana—strange, perhaps, that so many should have been women. Some of them still make their strong appeal to the Roman's devotion, as you may see if you visit either of the two churches of Sant'Agnete or that of Santa Cecilia across the Tiber on the Lenten Station day or the feast of the appropriate saint.

Another such is Saint Lawrence, the Roman deacon who was put to death—so tradition tells us—because he refused to deny his Faith and would not hand over to his torturers the treasures of the Church. His martyrdom was by fire, for he was most cruelly burnt to death upon a gridiron. An appalling end, and a very cumbrous instrument for the artist to have to reproduce in his frescoes and paintings.

Lawrence has given his title to four or five churches within the city. Along the Corso, which runs from the city centre towards the Vatican, its handsome portal by Vignola, the Renaissance architect of the Gesù, stands San Lorenzo in Damaso. The phrase "in Damaso" recalls the familiar Pope Damasus, so intimately associated with the catacombs. When Damasus erected his chapel in honour of St. Lawrence, he did so nearer the river, not far away from the pagan Theatre of Pompey. Towards the close of the fifteenth century the old building was dismantled and reconstructed, in connexion with the new and massive Palazzo della Cancelleria, built originally between 1486 and 1495 for Cardinal Riario. The columns from the old church now stand in the palace courtyard.

Just off the other Corso that runs northwards from the centre to the Flaminian Gate, there is another monument to the saintly deacon, the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina. What connexion it has with Lucina, I cannot tell. However, hers is another old Roman name, for it was upon her property, we are informed, that the body of the Apostle Paul was interred: and the oldest portion of the Catacombs of San Callisto is known as Lucina's Crypt. The church is a pleasing one, its portico supported by six pillars of ancient granite, and a graceful campanile rising above it. Inside,

it is harmonious and cool, with a restful atmosphere of primrose and amber, save where the more violent crimsons and blues spring outwards from the frescoes on wall and vault.

There is a third church of the Saint "in Panisperna" among the straggling ways which climb the slope of the Esquiline: and a further tiny chapel, along one of the Borghi leading to St. Peter's, with the odd title of San Lorenzo "in piscibus" (among the fish—was there ever a fish-market in the Leonine City at this bend of the Tiber?). Most interesting of all is a fifth church, San Lorenzo in Miranda, not for its own sake, since artistically it is negligible, but on account of its peculiar position. To the side of the Via Sacra, the triumphal avenue which ran through the old Forum, was a pagan temple erected during the second century A.D. by the Emperor Antoninus in memory of his wife, Faustina. On its Forum side it was opposite the House of the Vestal Virgins and very near the Templum Divi Julii, the shrine built over the spot upon which Cæsar's body had been cremated. High above the way it stood, and indeed stands, for its base and pillars are practically intact. A broken flight of steps leads up to it, its porch is still flanked by ten columns of Euboean marble, and there is a stone frieze of intricate design. Its large inscription may be read to-day. It is a double one, for Antoninus himself was buried by his wife's side after the first lettering had been completed. "Divo Antonino et" was put before the already existing "divae Faustinae," when the Emperor had rejoined his consort in death. Within the framework of this temple, its direction quite reversed, a Christian church was constructed in honour of St. Lawrence. It was already there in the twelfth century, its present undistinguished façade dates from the earlier part of the seventeenth.

But should you desire to pay fuller reverence to the Deacon Saint, you must prepare yourself for a longer walk. You will have to visit the Basilica of San Lorenzo, one of Rome's Sette Chiese or seven most famous churches. Like that of St. Paul, it is "fuori le mura," outside the walls. It is reached from the eastern side of the city through one of the gates, the Porta Maggiore or Porta San Lorenzo which, even to-day, connect together stretches of the Aurelian walls. Through the second of these gates, if you like—for that is the shortest approach—the Porta San Lorenzo, once the gate of Tibur which to-day is Tivoli, whither the old patrician would repair in search of quiet and cool amid its apple-orchards and to the music of its tumbling waters. From the gate your way is uninspiring: there is an air of mean streets and the railway yard, though further on you may have glimpses of that assortment of queer structures, all washed in brown and unlustrous red, that is called the University City.

The road has widened. To the right a large but uneven open space bounded, at the back, by the high walls of the Campo

Verano or Rome's chief cemetery. Along the wall lofty cypress trees stand silent sentinel. A severe note they strike with their sombre colouring and grim fixity of outline. A dark cypress, stirred by no wind, under a bright southern sky—what an epitome of life and death!

In front of the cemetery is a low building with a tall column of red granite before it, crowned with a statue of St. Lawrence. The column was brought to its present site in 1865: its purpose is artistic, though actually it tends to dwarf the church behind it. The church, as it stands, consists of two portions which can be distinguished easily from one another. The earlier part was built by Pelagius II in 578, on the site of an older chapel that went back to the days of Constantine. Its entrance lay to the east, that is, to the side of the present cemetery. Early in the thirteenth century this Pelagian edifice was entirely remodelled by Pope Honorius III, who added the long nave and transferred both entrance and façade to the western end. The Basilica remains very much as Honorius left it, though there have been occasional alterations, not least those carried out under Pius IX who lies buried in the lower church behind the "Confession" in which are deemed to rest the remains of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence. The pictures on the façade above the vestibule's slanting roof date from this era; they simulate mosaic work, and portray founders and renovators of the church from Constantine to Pius IX. Six venerable columns—two of them white, four grey—uphold the vestibule: an architrave runs just above their capitals with mosaics from the thirteenth century, while the frescoes within the vestibule are of the same period: they have been retouched here and there but, for all that, they are dull and dim.

You enter the church and find yourself in the nave of the Honorian reconstruction. It is grey and severe in tone. Aisles are separated from the central nave by twenty-two antique pillars of various sizes and design—a strange effect, as if the church had been built of oddments. These pillars are all from pagan buildings, though it would be difficult now to trace their individual origin. On one of them, the eighth on the right, there is a builder's sign-manual, consisting of a frog and a lizard: it was thought that some of them had been taken from the portico of Octavia where this emblem was also known. A bright, almost gaudy, ceiling, out of harmony with the ancient stone; above the arches modern frescoes telling the story, on one side, of St. Lawrence and, on the other, of St. Stephen: the Jewish and the Roman deacon are here united; in the nave two delightful "ambones" of ornamented stone, that on the right adorned with a stone spiral candlestick; a magnificent stone pavement, as frequently in older Roman churches—twelfth-century and *opus Alexandrinum*—with cunning patterns woven beneath your feet in green and silver and grey.

Such the church of Honorius, with its atmosphere of grey peacefulness, scarcely disturbed by the colouring aloft, and of a steady calm.

The level of the earlier church, built by Pelagius, is lower. It has twelve splendid fluted columns, and above them, in turn, a gallery with graceful pillarets. The altar canopy is medieval, its cupola modern. Between the earlier and the later portions stands the triumphal arch, and upon its eastern front are mosaics, slightly restored, from the sixth-century project of Pelagius. They show Byzantine touches, there is a stiffness in the figures, something formal in the drapery. Christ in the centre: to the right Peter, Lawrence and the Pope, Pelagius: Paul, Stephen and Hippolytus to the left. Beneath the arch is the "Confession" with the supposed relics of the two martyred deacons. You may rest here awhile; you are away from the city: beyond the sanctuary the monuments of the Campo Verano a'glinting in the sunlight under the ever-watchful cypresses: held in this cool and ancient Basilica memories of Christian Rome.

XIX

ONE ARCH AND ANOTHER

At one end of the Republican Forum, that farthest removed from the summit of the Capitol, are two triumphal arches which possess great historical significance for the Catholic; indeed, they record in stone the passage of the Christian revelation from the Old Law to the New. Between them, or rather forming the third apex of a triangle to their first and second, stands another monument which later generations came to speak of as the Colosseum. All three are close together, a few hundred yards at most separate them: not one of the three has any rich æsthetic appeal, but all are of historical importance.

The Romans were fond of the triumphal arch, though it was a style of monument which easily became cumbrous and heavy. One might almost suggest that its very heaviness was, for them, chief part of its charm: a conquering people is usually somewhat blatant and uninspired in self-expression. And, after all, it allowed of so narrow a range of variety; with its conventional three entrances and a solid superstructure, ornamented with frieze and inscriptions, a miracle would have been needed to preserve for it any grace and lightness. Besides, what it commemorated was frequently of pedestrian routine for these imperialists—a campaign against this or that Balkan tribe, a punitive expedition in Spain or along the Danube. Or, still worse, it might be a mere monument of flattery to an Emperor for the military achievements of his Generals. And, consequently, as far as sculpture went, they were often dull: what saved them, as a rule, from the stigma of

barren mediocrity, was their position, the site selected for them which gave them a certain prominence.

Even to-day, the two arches of which we speak stand out clearly. That of Constantine is not tall, but it can be seen all along the *Via dei Trionfi*, with the Colosseum in the background. Opposite the Colosseum you take a sharp turn to the left into the newly-constructed *Via del Impero*; in ancient days you would have turned immediately into the Forum: and there to your left is the Arch of Titus, possibly more conspicuous now than when it was first erected, since it crowns a small and uneven mound a few feet above the Forum's general level.

Titus was the second of the Flavian Emperors who reigned from 69 to 96 A.D. His own share of this span of years was very brief, for he was Emperor only for two years, from 79 to 81: his predecessor the cunning Vespasian; that scoundrel of a Domitian—though there are scholars who tell us that history has much maligned him—his successor. A little less than ten years prior to his accession, Titus conducted the campaign in Syria and Palestine which included the capture and destruction of Jerusalem as well as the dispersion of the Jews. It was the definitive end of the Jewish kingdom, even if that kingdom had long since ceased to be under Hebrew control, and was administered, in part directly by Rome, and partly by the Rome-protected Herods. How often have we not been haunted by the stern accent of our Lord when He foretold this dreadful event! "Thy enemies shall dig a trench about thee" and "there shall not be left a stone upon a stone," and after the ruthless manner of the Roman conqueror, this prophecy was all too literally fulfilled. And mingled with the severe foreboding, the tender note of sorrow and of all that might have been: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if only thou had'st known the things that are to thy peace." Never was more sadly voiced the human regret for the Jewish rejection of the Messias. The fall of the Holy City marked, outwardly, the passing of the Old Covenant: the New was not yet, at least outwardly, acknowledged.

The Roman Arch of Titus, too, registers that passing. It was erected in 81 A.D., shortly after Titus's death. It is a slighter arch than usual, and this makes it seem slender in comparison with its squat companion, dedicated to Constantine. It is, in fact, a single arch and was embellished with interesting and life-like reliefs. On the outside ran the inscription, a dedication of the Roman Senate and people (a formula, still employed, but degraded to a formality) to "divus" ("divine," if you like, but suggesting little to the pagan, familiar with half a thousand such divinities) Titus, the son of Vespasian, equally "divus" or celestial: below this a running frieze with the figures and symbols of a sacrificial procession. Inside the arch, sculptured reliefs, whereon Titus is represented, driving in a chariot of triumph while the goddess of Vic-

tory crowns him with laurels: facing this is a "caravan of human sorrow," a long line of captive Jews; among other spoils of war the table with the loaves of proposition together with the seven-branched candlestick from the Temple can be clearly seen. A significant memorial. It must be confessed, of course, that it is in large part restored. During the Middle Ages it was used, as was also the Arch of Constantine, by the family of the Frangipani as a fortress, and strengthened with earth-works and new walls. When these were finally removed, little more than a century ago, the arch collapsed and had to be reconstructed. What is restored is of local travertine; but the site is the original one, and the reliefs inside the archway are what and where they were eighteen centuries ago.

The Arch of Titus symbolizes, we have said, the passing of the Old Law. Two and half centuries were to elapse before the New Law was officially and publicly tolerated and recognized by Imperial Rome. Of this interregnum, if we may so term it, the Colosseum is a most suitable memorial. The Age of the Catacombs—so has this period been called. True enough, the catacombs were built and were continuously extended: Christians were buried there, it was often necessary to go there for Mass and Communion, and at times they provided precarious shelter from attack. Few churches could be constructed above ground, and certainly none that would be too prominent or conspicuous. Persecutions were frequent, especially in the third century: the cry of "Christiani ad leones," the clamour that Christians should be slain in the arena to make a Roman holiday, is too familiar to need comment. In Rome, at least, it was the Colosseum which became associated with such martyrdoms. Pope Benedict XIV (1740—1758) saved the vast structure from further demolition at the hands of church and palace builders—and, incidentally, has earned the gratitude of all lovers of the past—by consecrating its interior to the Roman martyrs and to their martyr-chieftain, Christ.

Massive and imposing the Colosseum certainly is; this must be granted. "Colossal," if you like, and fewer buildings more richly deserve the name. In fact, that is how the name originated, unless it came from the immense statue of the Emperor, Nero, which formerly stood quite near the present site. Nero, who had a strong element of the mono- and megalomaniac, planned for himself after the partial destruction of the city by fire, which the Roman "Gestapo" conveniently attributed to the Christians, but which some historians have alleged was the Emperor's own doing, an immense palace, known as the Domus Aurea or Golden House: much of its lower portion has been excavated in recent years: the colossal statue of himself was to be part of the grandiose design. He lived for four years after the famous fire, but his project did not outlive him. The area he had appropriated was used for other

purposes: and on part of it was constructed the Flavian Amphitheatre, for this was the Colosseum's official title. To-day, particularly from the north-east side, you can gain an adequate impression of what the whole must have been. You can still see the four stories, the first three of which are formed by arcades, whose pillars are ornamented with half-columns of the three well-known orders, the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, rising in that arrangement from the ground. A wall with openings between smaller Corinthian pilasters constituted the fourth or uppermost block. The massive structure is composed of blocks of travertine, originally held together by iron clamps: tufa and bricks were used in the interior, while the external walls would have been covered with marble, and statues placed between the arcades of the second and third stories. At the ends of the diameters were the principal entrances, two of them, those along the shorter axis, being reserved for the Emperor's suite.

Within, stone tier rose above stone tier, and they were intersected by passages. The best seats in the "Podium" were reserved for Senators and dignitaries with, naturally, a specially central throne for the Emperor himself. Behind, and to either side of these, were the better places with marble seats: and further aloft, more modest wooden benches, while the humblest spectators of all stood on the roof of the colonnade. The vast amphitheatre came to be a symbol of Rome, but not of Rome in the fresh vigour of its youth: rather was it the emblem of a power that was too much mingled with assurance and, not infrequently, with brutality. While the serried tiers of the Colosseum echoed the thousand human shouts and roars, Rome was ageing sadly, her blood was sluggish, her arteries a'hardening. But, for all that, it is a mighty symbol—"While the Colosseum stands, Rome also shall endure," it was said long ago—but it remains for us the symbol rather of those who suffered there than of those others who sought amusement.

We must keep one word, at least, for our other arch. Scarcely a hundred yards from the Colosseum walls it stands. It is square and heavy, betraying the era from which it dates, the early decades of the fourth century. One of the best-preserved objects of its kind in the whole of Rome, it was, nevertheless, for a period, a stronghold of the quarrelsome Frangipani. This time, however, when their additions and others were finally removed, it did not collapse: though they were little interested in ancient monuments save for their own purposes of protection, they have rendered us unwitting service. But was it really service, you might exclaim, on examining the stocky archways? Definitely so, even when it be granted that what is best in the decoration does not date from Constantine, but was taken from other buildings and re-erected here. Fully two centuries earlier than the arch are the statues

of captured Dacians and the figures on the reliefs: the triumphal entry they record is not that of Constantine at all, but of his predecessor, Trajan, deceased nearly two hundred years; others may refer to Marcus Aurelius, three generations previous in date.

Significant for us is neither the arch itself nor its position, but the occasion for the commemoration of which it was decreed. This was Constantine's victory over his rival for the Imperial throne, Maxentius, which occurred in 312 A.D. near Ponte Milvio, where the Flaminian Way crosses the Tiber on its northern journey, scarcely more than a mile outside the city walls. "In hoc signo vinces"—it was in, or just prior to, the battle that Constantine is said to have glimpsed the Cross in the sky, and to have realized that this was to be the ensign of his triumph. It is to this reported vision that the two words inscribed upon the arch are taken to refer. "Instinctu divinitatis . . .", "prompted by divine leading," it might be rendered. It is ambiguous, perhaps purposely so: and, for the pagan mind, the "divine" was one of the vaguest of concepts. But, when all is said and done, it was under Constantine that the Church received official recognition. Previously it had been said that conquered Greece took captive—through her arts and skill and her philosophy—her proud conqueror. With a less humanistic, but a more spiritual, attraction, the same might now be said of the Christian Church.

J.M.

READING IN WAR TIME.

"LET there be LIGHT"—was the decree of the Almighty in the beginning. There may be as much light as you please, is Sir John Anderson's modern commentary upon the decree, provided it be veiled discreetly behind the thickest hangings or obscured to nothingness by paper, black or brown, provided that, in the most literal sense of all, your light is not suffered to shine out before men. And this from dusk till dawn. Autumn deepens, the days, we say, draw in: with a grim, inexorable necessity dawn and dusk move towards each other: tardily the first arises from the crocus couch with which her sleeping chamber is decorated by the pagan poets, the second falls too soon. It may be that in years to come this age of ours will be known as that of the Great Black-Out. God grant that, in the long run—at least where our holier values are in question—it may prove to be the black-out of nothing more serious than artificial light.

But there you are. You arrive home after the usual journey in a suburban train (of course, it started ten minutes late, and there were thirteen in the compartment); a tiny, blue-frosted bulb in the carriage-roof, its power maybe between a quarter and a third of a voltage unit, permitted the reading of nothing but the gloomy

headlines of your evening paper. Then, groping along streets as black as—in medieval paintings the region is usually well illuminated, at least by flame—jostled here, bumped into there, with a bruised shin and the marks of a laurel bush reddening your cheek, you reach at last your destination: one last stumble, a fall, a grunt, a sigh or expletive of relief—and you are home.

Should the black-out continue in its present form—and if war goes on, continue it must in some form or other—a certain number of problems are presented to the English man or woman who cannot, for obvious reasons, give up all his or her time to service with the Forces or in Civil Defence. There may not be business as usual, but there must be business of some kind: men will work by day and be “black-out” in the evening and at night. Already enterprising manufacturers are catering for their need of amusement and entertainment at home during the winter months: there are half a hundred varieties of ludo and tiddleywinks and some 1939 equivalents of the royal and ancient pastime of “Snakes and Ladders.” But one can scarcely “tiddleywink” for the duration. Of course, there is chess for such as are so gifted and so inclined, and for the more socially-minded, doubtless, bridge. The wireless, if you like and can prescind from the cultured accents of immeasurable gloom which appear to be a prerequisite for the announcer: and music, too—I mean self-produced. Indeed, I have been told that the old primers and scale-books of yesteryear, and a decade or two before that, are being resurrected from the depths of music-stools and cupboards—as might be said, agin’ the hours of darkness. It is the light-ray whose emergence into the night-air is strongly forbidden: sound-waves do not come under the ban, even when they bear the burden of arpeggios and five-finger exercises.

I have forgotten for the moment what manner of man, according to Lord Bacon, reading doth make. What is certain is that during the approaching autumn and winter, men’s minds will seek release from present worries and some measure of encouragement in books. Private libraries have been more and more unfashionable in recent years, they will now come into their own. Of course, in a tiny apartment, in which it is not possible to swing the proverbial cat, you cannot have many shelves of books. But books are so readily obtainable. And when I speak of books, I mean books both grave and gay: novels judiciously mixed with more sustaining fare; or, where you insist on novels, stories of lasting value along with the more ephemeral bed-time book. Let us go back into our English heritage of literature, to Chaucer and Shakespeare (when did we last look at either of them?), to the essayists, Steele and Addison, to the superb letters as well as the essays of a Stevenson and a Lamb, to Goldsmith, Pater, Newman, or, to return once again to the poets, to the sheer music of Shelley

and Keats. Not long ago *The Times* (September 9th) had a short but admirable fourth leader entitled "Lenitives." Lenitives have nothing to do with the maker of Soviet Russia, and are ideologically quite neutral: they include, I imagine, all activities which can be practised decently at home (the curtain drawn, the brown paper glued into position) and will ease and fortify the mind and nerves throughout difficult days. Chess, crossword puzzles, tiddleywinks—all of them as fancy moves you. But, above all, is reading the source best suited over a lengthy spell of strain, to soothe and strengthen. "To come back to the books we know," this leader reminds us, "is like revisiting familiar holiday scenes, combining the pleasure of seeing old friends and places again with that of discovering others which we missed on our earlier visits. Re-reading need not be limited to fiction; good biography is a first-rate lenitive, as also is fine poetry. In the months to come many old favourites may be rehabilitated, and enthusiastic readers may rediscover, or learn for the first time, the magic of Tennyson, the robust courage of Browning, the thoughtfulness and lyric beauty of Landor, the observant accuracy of Crabbe."

There are great scenes of literature that have the magical power, which genius only can confer, of touching the human heart centuries even after the hand that first traced their characters let limply fall the pen. Such passages are to be discovered in our own tongue, in Shakespeare, in Stevenson and in Meredith as in other tongues, too, in Homeric and Virgilian measures, profoundly imbued with human striving and human sorrow, in the outburst of celestial joy in the final cantos of the *Paradiso*. But something has remained unmentioned which, in its way, would be the most suitable lenitive of all. "Lenitive"—let us admit the name, though it sound dangerously similar to Marx's description of it as the opium of the people. There are lenitives other than opium, and this is ours beyond all others. Religion, namely, or in the present context, religious reading. Surely we Catholics (but why confine the suggestion to ourselves? Be it for all and every Christian) might well avail ourselves of the hours of enforced quiet and peace behind darkened doors and windows to make ourselves familiar, be it for the very first time, with something of our heritage of Catholic books! I do not so much mean the specifically Catholic work of doctrine or apologetics or instruction, though it would certainly do us no harm to dip into them occasionally. I mean rather books which are more continuously readable, or should at least be so—the lives of great saints, of active saints, of human saints: the history of the Church, though not necessarily by a professor, full of dates and footnotes (the volumes of Hilaire Belloc would fit the case admirably): spiritual writings, modern ones (these are not few and far between, even in up-to-date English) as also the works of saints like Francis de Sales, and, in his non-technical

books, Augustine. What consolation might there not be in the discovery of "The Imitation of Christ," what joy in a first encounter with the "Fioretti" or "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis"? But—finally and above all—what of the New Testament, not so much the Epistles, but the Four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles? The life of the Christian is so often explained as a following, an imitation of Christ. When this is so true, how sad is it that the vast majority of Christians have so little time to give to a study of Christ, as He was, as He showed Himself to be upon earth? Protestant critics have frequently accused Catholics of knowing all about the Church and next to nothing about Christ. This is not wholly true, and it might just as readily be retorted that even the best of Protestants does not understand what the Church is, even if, from his close acquaintance with the Scriptures, he may have studied accurately the life of Christ. But some grain of reality does exist in the charge, namely, that we do not make, and have not made ourselves as familiar as we should have done with the life of our Lord. What He did and said, how He lived and behaved and spoke—this should be to us so familiar a theme that we sense Christ's very presence, and His words linger in our minds like a haunting melody. Maybe we have told ourselves and others hitherto that we have, and have had, so little time. Well, at last the time has been given us. We shall be the happier if we use it well.

F.M.

In Memoriam

WHO mourns the chrysalis the while, its sheath
 New-sundered, shines the butterfly in light?
 Who sighs for the cold darkness of the night
 When sunrise sparkles on the dewy heath,
 Or longs to see unlovely roots beneath
 The sward whereon the lily green-bedight
 Her silver cup displays? Faith needs not sight:
 And we, whose days are fleeting as a wreath

Of summer mist, were loth to clothe again
 In mortal flesh the glorious spirit fled,
 And wake anew life's battle. Rather may
 We too prepare to follow—here remain
 While Jesus wills—yet still with heart and head
 Uplifted, yearn to break our bonds of clay.

T. KING.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: Sept. 9, 1939. **Wives may Need to Work but One-Tenth Should Quit**, by Benjamin E. Masse, S.J. [An analysis of the social evil of married women taking employment unnecessarily, with an appeal for legislation.]
- CATHOLIC GAZETTE: Sept., 1939. **The C.E.G. and the Leakage**, by Francis G. Rice. [A suggestion for the formation of a junior branch of the C.E.G. as a help towards combating the leakage.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: Sept. 15, 1939. **Catholic Europe; Belligerent and Neutral**. [A useful summary, together with map, of the strength of the Church in each of the European countries.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: Sept. 15, 1939. **Religion Makes the Best Soldier**, by W. J. Blyton. [A timely reminder that it is not material equipment but a sense of spiritual values that counts, even in war.]
- CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ACTION: Sept., 1939. **"Christian American" Jew-Baiting**, by the Editors and Staff. [A striking presentation of the anti-Semitic movement in the United States and a warning of the peril in which it may involve the Church.]
- COMMONWEAL: Sept. 1, 1939. **Are Co-operatives the Answer?**, by John Horton and Ray Scott. [A discussion of the limitations of the Co-operative movement and a suggestion as to how its methods may be applied to parish organization.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW: Sept., 1939. **Birth-Control Clinics Needed**, by John O'Connell, C.S.C. [A startlingly entitled appeal for the formation of Catholic Medical Bureaux for the imparting of knowledge about the "safe period" to those who might else succumb to illicit birth-control propaganda.]
- HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY: Autumn, 1939. **Two Minds in the Rumanian Past**, by László Gáldi. [A sound historical survey of the development of modern Rumania, showing the deep cleavage between its Eastern origins and Westernizing influences.]
- SIGN: Sept., 1939. **Mexico's Next President**, by Walter M. Longford. [A well-informed analysis of present-day Mexican politics, emphasizing the opportunity which lies before the next President.]
- STUDIES: Sept., 1939. **Danzig: the Case for Poland**, by J. J. O'Connell. [An article still valuable in spite of recent events.]
- TABLET: Sept. 23, 1939. **Father Coughlin and Others on Keeping Right Out**. [Some frank words on Catholic American "isolationism" as it strikes the English Catholic.]
- THOUGHT: Sept., 1939. **The Birth of an Age**, by Edward Quinn. [A statement of "the fundamental problem of the newest age—the problem of the mass."]

REVIEWS

I—THE CITY OF WILNO (VILNA)¹

IF there be some to-day, as seems to be the case, who regard Poland, owing to her misfortunes and territorial dismemberments during the past two centuries, as a nation which has inevitably fallen behind the level of culture prevalent in Western Europe, the book before us supplies proof to the contrary which cannot be ignored. As an artistic publication *de luxe*, it reflects high credit upon the Biblioteka Polska of Warsaw. It is written in French, probably to attract the attention of a wider circle of readers than would be conversant with the author's native language. The typographic execution, carried out at the press of Bydgoszcz, is impeccable, and so far as we are in a position to judge, the author, Count Reginald Przezdziecki, has devoted much research to the history and archæology of his subject. Wilno, the native name, which, as the author tells us, is now generally supplanting the Latinized term Vilna, is a town somewhat out of the track of the ordinary tourist, but it contains a number of buildings and institutions of interest which throw a great light upon the history of Polish culture. It now figures prominently, alas! in the Soviet invasion, but nearly twenty years ago at Geneva, owing to the Nazi sympathies of Professor Valdemara, it was an apple of discord in the discussions over the Lithuanian status. In fact, the Lithuanian Constitutions name Wilno, rather than Kaunas, as the capital of Lithuania, and under the Lithuanian-Soviet peace treaty of 1920, the Wilno territory was recognized as Lithuanian. We can only hope that in virtue of the neutrality of the last-named State, something may be done to save the monuments of Wilno from destruction by cannon and aircraft.

We trust that it will not seem disrespectful to the author of this valuable work to describe it as a glorified guide-book; but such, in fact, it is. On the other hand, it is by no means a pocket-companion, for in format it is almost a quarto. Its purpose is to review in order the more prominent architectural, artistic and religious features of the city, a purpose which is greatly assisted by more than 180 illustrations, many of them whole-page plates in photogravure. The first pages are consecrated to an account of the famous shrine of our Lady of Ostra Brama, which the traveller passes, on driving into the city from the station. As our author describes, the stranger's attention is caught by passing a number

¹ *Wilno*. Par le Comte Renaud Przezdziecki. Warsaw: Biblioteka Polska. 1938.

of people in a narrow street some of them openly praying, and all without exception with heads uncovered. A glimpse of the Madonna, seen through a window over an arch, is obtainable from the road, and the devotional veneration paid by the populace is a feature which is eloquent of their faith. It is recorded that on one occasion the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, on a visit to Wilno, passed the shrine without removing the cap he was wearing, but a gust of wind thereupon blew it off, to the huge delight of the native spectators. Unlike the Madonna of Czestochowa, in a town which was one of the first objects of the recent German attack, the Ostra Brama painting is not attributed to St. Luke, and is said by experts to date only from the fifteenth century. It was a favourite object of devotion to Marshal Pilsudski, and he took Mgr. Achille Ratti, then Apostolic Nuncio, before he became Pope Pius XI, to Wilno in order to venerate it. But it would occupy much space if we attempted to make any sort of catalogue of the subjects of interest in this very interesting book. Full justice is done to the University founded by King Stephen Bathori in 1571, and placed under the care of the Jesuits. It remained in their hands until the suppression of the Order in 1773, but in 1832 its status as a University was abolished by the Russians. It is curious that Count Przezdziecki says nothing of St. Andrew Bobola who spent the best years of his life in teaching at Wilno. The same city was the birthplace of many distinguished patriots, amongst others, of Marshal Pilsudski, whose heart is buried there, as is that of the great national poet Adam Mickiewicz. In the historical survey which forms the first chapter of the volume, Count Przezdziecki speaks of the past history of this centre of national life with an eloquence which, at this present sad crisis, must deeply move the hearts of his readers. There was little sign of the present overwhelming disaster at the time when he was writing it.

H.T.

2—JOB¹

THERE is evidently much work to be done upon the Holy Scriptures, especially in the Old Testament, before they can be said to hold the place they deserve in our English Catholic literature. There should be a reliable edition of each book available, with an adequate discussion of the difficulties, and we need histories and dictionaries and other such helps. The walls of the New Jerusalem are slowly being built up, but there are still con-

¹ *The Book of Job, translated from a critically revised Hebrew text, with commentary.* By the Rev. Edward J. Kissane, D.D., L.S.S., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Oriental Languages, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth; Professor of Biblical Theology, University College, Dublin. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. Pp. lxiv, 298. Price, 12s. 6d.

siderable gaps in our defence if we take into account merely what has been written in English. In Great Britain it is a question not only of defence and instruction, but also of the proper evangelization of the country; to a large extent religion in this country means the Bible, and the Church can do much to save this devotion to the Bible, in itself a good and holy thing. If she appears, as she is appearing more and more, as the one true champion of Holy Writ, we may be sure that she will gain an ever more friendly hearing. Something of the same sort is doubtless true of the United States; and the founding of the Catholic Biblical Association there is likely to produce more rapid progress than over here. Meanwhile, in Ireland, with a less urgent apologetic motive, admirable work has been done by Cardinal MacRory and Canon Boylan and others; and now we have a full and competent commentary from Dr. Kissane, whose fame as a teacher of Holy Scripture at Maynooth has preceded him. It is indeed a valuable contribution to our biblical library, and should be of solid use over here, and it leaves us hoping for more both from himself and his *confrères*.

The whole problem of the book is fairly and squarely faced in the long introduction. The scene is laid in Edom (p. xiii), the author is a Jew, the date lies between the Restoration (538 B.C.) and the formation of the Septuagint, probably nearer the latter date than the earlier (p. xlix). "The time (patriarchal age) and the place (Edom) are part of the imaginative setting, the thoughts expressed are those of a Palestinian Jew of the post-Exilic period" (p. 1). Dr. Kissane sums up the teaching of the book on the problem of the suffering of the just as follows: "the suffering of the just is not the result of sins of ignorance or inadvertence," and "must not be attributed to injustice on the part of God," or to "want of wisdom and power" on His part either. "No positive solution of the problem is attempted. The motive of God's action in an individual case is a mystery. In the case of Job, the writer lifts the veil in the Prologue, and reveals the real cause of his misfortunes; but this has been done to provide the setting for the debate, and is not of general application" (p. xxx).

Dr. Kissane thinks it more likely that originally the Book of Job did not contain the speeches of Elihu, but sees no difficulty in supposing that they were later inserted by the author himself (p. xl). He devotes a section of the Introduction to the metrical structure of the book. He is not at all inclined to emend the text merely to ensure a uniform metre, and is prepared to go rather far in his faithfulness to the traditional text; he also pays special attention to the strophic system of the book. The work is well got up, and decidedly cheap at the price; but it is a little difficult to find one's way about it, and it would have been better always to mark the chapters and verses at the head of the page.

3—THE SACRED FIRE¹

ANTHOLOGIES serve usually for delight and convenience but here is a collection of poems that has a somewhat more ambitious aim. It is designed to illustrate and drive home a theory of poetry that the compiler elaborates in his introductory essay. Were it not for this special aim, the collection—which ranges from the fourteenth century to the present day—might fairly be considered superfluous at a time when good anthologies abound. Even the inclusion of a few specimens of contemporary work and of a number of poems off the track so well beaten by former anthologists would not justify the reprinting of so much that is already well known.

In Mr. Honey's view, the critic and the anthologist have been far too prone to put their faith in an abstract ideal of "pure poetry" and have attempted to test every achievement by this single, arbitrary standard. Everything that failed to satisfy this uniform canon—whether the test was "poetical" style, subject or vocabulary—was ruled out. Mr. Honey prefers to regard poetry as a variable quality not confined to one manner or style or period; still less is it bound up with a special type of subject or a specialized vocabulary. It is rather a formal quality that distinguishes writing of the most diverse kinds, and this anthology is meant to bring out the variety as well as the development of the poetic spirit in English culture. The arrangement is roughly chronological but far more stress is placed on the affinities of the poets in the various groups than upon their relationship in time.

In his introduction, the compiler touches on a number of topics of abiding literary interest: the relation of poetry to the intellectual content of the poem, the function of verse-forms, the influence of political, social and economic movements on the poetry of the day. He denounces the practice of setting verse to music. "Impose the melody of the musician upon the entirely different music of the poet, and the delicate structure of the latter is destroyed." The second half of his essay is taken up with a rapid but thoughtful survey of English poetry in the light of his own view. His estimate of men and movements is just and, on the whole, conservative.

The essay would have gained in point had Mr. Honey been able to expound his own conception of poetry as clearly and incisively as he expresses his dislikes. In the realm of æsthetics, clear-cut, final definition is hardly to be expected but, at the same time, without a modest measure of lucidity critical discussion is impossible. The description of a poem as "a composition of evocative words passing beyond meaning into music" conveys

¹ *The Sacred Fire. An Anthology of English Poems.* Chosen and arranged with an introduction by William Bowyer Honey. London: Routledge. Pp. 488. Price, 7s. 6d.

very little unless some attempt be made to state what it is that poetry "evokes" and what is to be understood by "meaning." Mr. Honey's note wherein he points out the dangers of too much analysis does not absolve him from the task of clearing up the vagueness that obscures the view he has chosen to present.

C.D.

SHORT NOTICES

PHILOSOPHICAL.

TRAINING of the Will, by Fr. J. Lindworsky, S.J., translated by A. Steiner and E. A. Fitzpatrick (Bruce Publishing Co. and Coldwell) appears as a translation of the fourth edition of the original German work. It is claimed, on one of the title pages, that the translation has been "carefully revised": but not carefully enough. Misprints abound and a certain measure of violence is offered to the English language. Nor have the formalities of book-production always been observed. The authorship of the second preface, for instance, is left obscure; one has to surmise that the note on p. 39 is by the translators; and no clue is provided to the identity of the mysterious "Editor" who makes a brief appearance in a footnote on page 46. In so far, however, as this book faithfully represents the original, it is valuable as a practical contribution to the science of education and character-training. Relying mainly on experimental data, Father Lindworsky successfully establishes his contention that volition depends on appreciation of values, and that growth in will power is conditioned by a growing appreciation of values and motives. He also points out that motives must be retained in the memory and that values must be experienced as "attractive" if they are to influence conduct. In an interesting chapter Father Lindworsky analyses the "Spiritual Exercises" which he finds to be a concrete epitome of his conclusions. Possibly the earlier and more theoretical part of the book suffers from excessive simplification. The critical reader will feel, for example, that on page 12 and elsewhere the distinction between the intellectual "decision that" and the "decision to" of the practical reason has not been sufficiently regarded; also that the discussion of certain experiments loses in clarity owing to a similar confusion of the choice of means, which is properly a matter of expediency, and the choice of ends, which is the peculiar function of the free will.

The New State (Sands : 8s. 6d.), by Victor Pradera, is a difficult book to appraise. So much of it is sound and sane—a dispassionate analysis of Man and his nature, his social needs, and of the way in which those needs attain satisfaction—in the State. All this is preliminary to the main thesis of the book, which is,

that the "new State" as it is being elaborated in Spain, is the "old State"—the Christian State, based upon the Christian notion of authority as derived from God, not arising from the people itself. In all this, Señor Pradera writes well and convincingly, drawing upon sources that are unimpeachable—the great Scholastics, with St. Thomas at their head. So, too, in his polemic against Rousseau and modern revolutionaries, he is always balanced and effective in his criticism. But there are times when one wonders if he has not been deceived by the modern craze for catchwords, whether he understands what is meant by "democracy." Heaven knows, enough nonsense has been talked by the upholders of "Democracy" to deceive, if possible, even the elect: so it is somewhat pardonable that Señor Pradera should fail to see any good in a democratic regime. Without in any way suggesting that the party system is for exportation, we may be permitted to think that expressions such as "Let Democracy defend, if it so desires, its political parties now in a state of festering decay, despised and repudiated by all . . ." and "The sensation of illegitimacy [*sc.*, concerning the basis of Parliamentary authority] exasperates the citizens and encourages indiscipline and animosity"—savour rather of the political pamphlet, of sheer propaganda, than of the objective study of political science which the book purports to be. This is a pity, because it might have been a valuable contribution to that science: parts of it are, in fact, excellent; and we sincerely hope that it will have the success which, taken in the large, it merits so highly.

LITURGICAL.

Canon V. Leroquais, who is so well known among specialists for his admirable first-hand studies of the miniatures and calendars of Pontificals, Horae and other service books, has been good enough to send us his latest publication **Un Livre d'Heures de Jean Sans Peur, Duc de Bourgogne (1404—1419)**. It is obtainable from Georges Andrieux, 154 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris. One must not infer that the Duke, in virtue of his connexion with this and other religious books, was a man of great piety. No act more despicable is recorded in early fifteenth-century history than his assassination of his rival, the Duke of Orléans, though John himself suffered a similar fate twelve years later while the Dauphin Charles, St. Joan of Arc's dauphin, was looking on. Canon Leroquais has given an extremely able and convincing proof that the MS. in question, recently acquired by the Bibliothèque Nationale, was written for Jean Sans Peur. He has also reproduced sixteen of the miniatures which, as he points out, have an exceptional interest as an illustration of the development in the background and setting of such miniatures by Flemish artists in the early years of the fifteenth century. With sure judgment he satisfies us from

a study of the details of these pictures that the *Horae* comes from the workshop of some artist, probably at Ghent, shortly before the year 1420. One very peculiar detail, an extreme development of the Mariolatry of the period, is shown in a picture representing the Heavenly Court. Our Lady is seen seated in the middle between God the Father and God the Son, while the Holy Ghost is only indicated by a sort of band which encircles the group.

NON-CATHOLIC.

A report of the proceedings of the Fourth International Congress of the World Fellowship of Faiths, held at Madras in 1938, appears under the title of **Unity through Religion**. The objects of the Congress are well known: they are wide and ambiguous. In so far as the Congress was working for unity, it merits our sympathy but it is difficult to see what can be the foundation of their common ideals save the existence and dominion of God. The report contains many interesting points of view and wise advice, mingled with the most insipid generalizations. The repeated insistence on religion and religious education is welcome, yet a Catholic might be surprised to read (p. 15) that "the wrong missionary spirit . . . was concerned with . . . the salvation of souls." It is a pity that the antiquated myth of the Church as a torturer of the sixteenth-century "bold spirited scientist who cared more for truth than even for his own life" should be repeated in a congress which professed to promote an "appreciation of one another's faith." But we fear there is not much that can be learnt for serious profit from the meeting of this "omnium gatherum" of religious practitioners.

HISTORICAL.

During the year 1938, *L'Année de Munich* (Flammarion: 18.50 fr.), M. André Tardieu was writing weekly notes on the political situation, both in France and within the larger field of Europe. These he has now published, and very interesting reading they make. The directness and insight of his criticism cannot be gainsaid, and whilst he pays tribute to Mr. Chamberlain's efforts at Munich (and before)—"Tout le monde s'incline devant l'énergie de cet honnête homme"—this does not mean that he is not a strong critic of the agreement there concluded. He is of opinion that the military bluff put up by Germany on that occasion might have been called with safety, but—well, it was not his place to decide, and no one has the right to criticize Mr. Chamberlain for not taking a decision which very few men in his position would have taken. If Munich failed to give Europe the security and confidence it so badly needed, if it marked merely another stage in the Hitlerian aggression, there is some interest but little comfort in being reminded: "I told you so." But M. Tardieu gracefully apologises: "Comme on n'a pas le droit d'être

prophète en son pays, je m'excuse ici d'avoir eu raison." The great merit of the book is its clear-sightedness about the sources of French weakness and strength. It is by concentrating on these points, not by any vain regret for the past that Frenchmen and, in our degree, we ourselves may be helped by the work.

Les Vendéens (1793), by Père Joseph Dehergne, is a remarkable achievement of the Jesuit University of Zi-Ka-Wei, Shanghai (T'Ou-Sè-Wè Press : 8 Chinese dollars), especially in view of the war in China. The revolt of La Vendée in March, 1793, has received scant attention from the historians of the French Revolution. It has been treated by English writers as a glorified "Pilgrimage of Grace" and dismissed in a few lines. Few have estimated its importance as a link between the Ancien Régime fighting for existence and the new France struggling for recognition. La Vendée was certainly conservative and traditionalist, but the great revolt was directed by young men. It was "un mouvement de jeunes sous un généralissime de vingt ans." One has to read Père Dehergne's admirable study to appreciate the close connexion between ancient loyalty and youthful ardour, to recognize the Catholic religion as the motive uniting the two. "Ils disent hautement, Nous nous battons pour Jésus Christ," wrote Cambon, "leur religion est une puissance; on ne le leur pardonnera jamais." M. Dehergne has collected into one volume a treasury of detail about this most heroic episode in revolutionary history. We have marching songs, proclamations, cartoons, jests about Robespierre, alongside more sober statistics of executions and wars. The campaigns of the revolt are illustrated with excellent charts and diagrams, and the author supplies copious bibliographies and references. Perhaps there is too much detail in the book to suit the requirements of the ordinary reader, but the scholar will certainly rejoice that La Vendée has at long last received her reward.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Under the title of **Pie XI contre les Idoles**, published by the Librairie Plon of Paris, M. André Saint-Denis contrives to give us at the same time a biography of the late Holy Father and an analysis of three of the systems with which he was brought into continuous contact. The three *Idoles* in question are Bolshevism, Racialism and what he terms *Étatisme*, namely, the system of undue State interference in regions of human life that do not properly belong to it. The spiritual homes of the first two systems are obvious enough: they have recently emphasized what they have in common, by means of a mutual pact. M. Saint-Denis gives a full account of the Pope's attitude and policy towards both the Communists and Nazis: the account is accurate, well-documented and convincing. The story has been told before but

rarely in such convenient compass. M. Saint-Denis has a good answer for those who keep on urging that the Pope was far too slow in condemning the Nazi errors and cruelties and hoped rather vainly, to secure some *rapprochement* where *rapprochement* was impossible from the very first. Under the heading of *Étatisme* he considers Italian Fascism and the record of its relationship with the Church. Once again, his account is good, though, in the logical French spirit, he is inclined to stress the doctrinal differences between the Catholic and the Fascist outlook, and to forget the extent to which the average Italian's Catholic tradition has chastened and modified his doctrine in practice. But it is a most useful and intelligent book.

The Mantle of Mercy, by Leo Weismantel, translated by Albert P. Schimberg (Coldwell: \$2.00), is a life of St. Vincent de Paul. It is certainly an unusual type of Saint's life, and possesses the qualities and defects of many American films. The story is exciting and crammed full of movement, but the psychology is rather rudimentary. The local colour and historical background are painted in too glaring outlines, and the France of Henry IV, of Richelieu and of Mazarin is wrongly portrayed as "one of the darkest periods of history." In any case, the events of the time are given too much prominence and the man is rather overwhelmed by them. As for the Saint, we see nothing of Monsieur Vincent's interior life, and only very incoherent indications are given of the foundation of Priests of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity. The style is somewhat unreal and too highly coloured. To describe the gentle Bérulle and his Oratory as a "shock troop" is crude in the extreme. The French Revolution is referred to as "a stream of blood and puss" (*sic*). The faults in this respect seem evenly distributed between author and translator.

LITERARY.

Recent measures in the South Tyrol which are, apparently, to culminate in the evacuation of large sections of its sturdy peasantry (something was said of the history and significance of this region in the September MONTH), lend a certain timeliness to **I Saw the World** (Edward Arnold: 5s.). The book contains an English version, by Ian G. Colvin, of sixty lyrics from the Tyrolean poet, Walther von der Vogelweide. Walther was born, about 1170, in the southern Tyrol and was to be recognized as one of the greatest of the German "mastersingers." At the time when Blondel was discovering Richard Cœur-de-Lion in his Danube prison near Dürnstein, Walther was at the Court of Duke Leopold of Austria. Later, he left the "wonderful Court of Vienna" for new lords, as he relates, both good and bad. A wandering minstrel, he sang before nobles who disliked his fierce Ghibelline and anti-Papal spirit: he had to raise his voice against clowns and jugglers, players of bagpipes and drums and bells,

whose din drowned his fiddle. He lived through difficult days in Germany and in a period of unhappy relationship between Pope and Emperor. A turbulent soul, he was none the less a great lyricist whose verse has a surprising freshness. Mr. Colvin has done us a real service in making some of this verse accessible to English readers.

SCIENTIFIC.

The title of **Où Sommes Nous?** (Bonne Presse: 15.00 fr.) might well lead us to expect another book on the political situation, but the Abbé Moreux's work is concerned with our position in the stellar universe. It is, however, no dry textbook of astronomy, but the wealth of information which the Abbé discloses is presented in a way that never degenerates into a mere dull cataloguing, but is kept ever fresh by the enthusiasm of the author, by his vivacious style and, not least, by a profound reverence for the Creator of the universe he is exploring. The book might well be translated into English to make an acceptable gift-book.

SOCIOLOGY.

Sometimes one hears the opinion expressed that the traditional Catholic economic system of Vocational Association, which has been proposed by Leo XIII and more especially urged by Pius XI as containing a principle by means of which modern social evils could be remedied, is to-day impossible of realization, and that its advocates are unpractical Utopians. The two works mentioned below do not support that view, as might be suspected from their place of origin, and as becomes very clear from an examination of them. Dr. Bruehl, who is Professor of Sociology at St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pennsylvania, and whose qualifications include study at Louvain under Cardinal Mercier and practical work among the poor in Whitechapel, has produced, in **The Pope's Plan for Social Reconstruction. A Commentary on the Social Encyclicals of Pius XI** (New York: The Devin-Adair Co.: \$3.00), a criticism of the prevailing economic and social conditions in the light of Papal teaching, and also a detailed exposition of the positive and constructive policy proposed by the Popes. His line is eminently practical; the alternative which he offers to our modern chaos, is an organic structure of society which, while expressive of human dignity and social justice, and protective of all higher values, at the same time regulates production so as to serve the material needs of the community. Expert use is made of official Government and such-like papers and of independent authorities in criticisms of Communism, Totalitarianism and of existing forms of Democracy (of which latter it is well stated that it is applied to political and social life, but NOT to the industrial order). The arguments in favour of Vocational organization of society are founded on reason and experience. Dr. Bruehl's development of the Papal teaching on

Social Justice deserves earnest attention. The essence of his mind on the subject is expressed in the words of the chapter-heading: "Justice, a most Unpopular Virtue," and from this point he develops his thesis to embrace another fundamental Papal doctrine, the interconnexion between the improvement of social conditions and a regeneration of the public moral sense. In all this matter there is evidence of deep and enlightened thought and of wide experience. Finally, the author's presentation of the scope and order of the system of Vocational Association is one of the best to be found in English, and, as giving further proof of the applicability of that system, his work deserves to take its place alongside the classical work of Father O. Nell-Breuning, S.J.

Sister Mary Consilia O'Brien, O.P., Ph.D., has performed a very valuable task in preparing in textbook form an outline of the same subject suitable for the average senior school child, or for newly-founded study circles. **Catholic Sociology for Upper Grades and Study Clubs** (New York, P. J. Kenedy: 75 cents) is presented in a form which will attract both teacher and pupil, for the subject is made concrete and practical, the text is enlivened by much narrative and dialogue, and each chapter ends with a review and a list of questions. There is a good reading-list, and a Synopsis of the "Basic, Ethical, Social and Economic Principles of Catholic Philosophy" which, magnificently American in its terse vigour, deserves the attention not of beginners alone. The excellent production of the book, and its low price, should recommend it to educationalists; undoubtedly a great service would be done if a place were found for it at least in the libraries of our Catholic schools.

FICTION.

The Catholic ideal of womanhood is the *leitmotiv* running through **Give Me Thy Heart** (Coldwell: 5s. 6d.), by the Hungarian authoress J. Gerely, translated by A. B. Teetgen, with a preface by the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Tihamér Tóth. The novel deals with the problem confronting the young girl who is just entering on life. To whom shall she give her heart? Shall she serve God in the family or in the cloister? The heroine, Eva, sees the lives of her school friends wrecked by their choice of easy marriage and modern freedom, and though she herself has no vocation to be a nun, she has to sacrifice her desire to marry rather than give her heart in a meaningless marriage or imperil her faith. The book is full of vivid and striking conversations, and the handling of intimate themes is always chaste and delicate. It is singularly free from the sentimentality which affects so many writers on this subject, and will undoubtedly serve a very useful purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is becoming a commonplace to remark that if only the *peoples*, as distinct from their leaders, could get to know each

other, we should be in a position to prevent crises and wars. **An Englishman Explains** (Heath Cranton: 3s. 6d.) is an attempt by W. K. Scudamore to let others see us as we see ourselves. The book is cast in the form of letters to a young German student, and in a pleasant enough style discourses on such topics as "The Press," "The Red Menace," "Spain," "Jew-baiting," from the point of view of the "average" Englishman. We must put the word "average" in inverted commas because, unfortunately, the position taken up by Mr. Scudamore is far too balanced and moderate to be representative of "public opinion" in this country at the present day; or perhaps, until the signing of the Soviet-German pact, Englishmen had not been permitted to see the general situation clearly. At any rate, in this book many an Englishman will find a statement of a position he should be pleased to call his own. And in these days of calamity he may find inspiration in such a peroration as this: "As the Greeks stood at Thermopylae and at Salamis, we shall stand to determine whether Man is a slave or is free; whether he shall serve the world or the world shall serve him; whether he is an ant or a man. And against you would be all those free men who hold by our civilization of two thousand years. . . You may indeed destroy Europe but you cannot conquer it. . ."

The title of **Growing Up—A Book for Girls** (B.O. & W.: 1s.) sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents, and the fact that it is by the author of *Into Their Company* is an adequate guarantee of its merit. The book is written for the girl herself and contains all the information necessary—so particularly necessary in the present age—if she is to avoid many of the dangers of life. The treatment is simple and straightforward, scientific and objective, and though there are one or two passages which may mislead owing to the economy of expression employed, the book is valuable as far as it goes. What we could have wished is that the book had been more positive in its approach, insisting not so much on the "dangers" of modern life as on the more positive aspect of the Christian life, which, if grasped to the full, is the chief "safeguard."

The problems of married life are so many and so complex that we welcome **What a Bride Should Know** (Coldwell: 4s. 6d.) as a sympathetic and yet definitely Catholic attempt by Margaret Csaba, M.D., to face all the difficulties which the young—or not so young—Catholic wife and mother-to-be is likely to encounter. Cast in the form of dialogues and letters between different patients and "Doctor Meg," these discussions enable the writer to expound all the relevant medical facts concerning pregnancy, birth, and the "safe period," as well as to lay bare the evils of contraception and abortion and to calm the hearts of anxious women, who are not infrequently so afraid of the terrors of childbirth. The translation errs a little by a somewhat excessive

colloquialism, but that is but a slight fault to find with a book which ought to find a very wide public. It might well form an unofficial wedding present from mother to daughter on the occasion of the latter's marriage.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

Liturgical Asides. By Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. Pp. xiii, 146. Price, 3s. 6d. *The Catechism Through the Gospel.* By Abbé E. Charles. Adapted by a Religious of the Holy Child. Pp. xvi, 200. Price, 5s. *My Sisters Pass By.* By Marie René-Bazin. Pp. viii, 207. Price, 5s.

COLDWELL, London.

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